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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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The Shape of Things

THE LEASE-LEND BILL HAS REACHED THE Senate floor with only minor amendments to the text approved by the House. It was voted out of the Foreign Affairs Committee by 15 to 8, a larger majority than at one time seemed likely. There is no longer any question that the measure will now pass substantially unchanged, but the isolationists can be counted on to delay action as much as possible, attempting to gain some weakening of the bill as the price of obduracy. One amendment for which they hope to rally support is a proposal sponsored by Senator Walsh, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, to forbid the transfer of any portion of the navy. The Administration leaders expect to be able to defeat this amendment and they are also refusing to adopt the suggestion of Mr. Willkie that the bills should specifically limit aid to Britain, Greece, and China. In this connection it is pointed out that hope of American aid tends to stiffen the resistance of neutral countries, such as Turkey, which may soon face demands by the Axis.

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MEANWHILE SENATOR AUSTIN, A SUPPORTER of the bill, has raised the question of peace aims. Although he does not suggest making approval of the bill contingent on British pledges in respect of the post-war settlement, he thinks we may properly "express our views upon what are our peace aims and [to] ask Britain what are her peace aims." We agree with the Senator and it is disappointing to find Prime Minister Churchill once again fobbing off Parliamentary questions on the subject with the statement that there is in the United States "thorough comprehension of what we are fighting for and what we stand for." We know that Britain is fighting for survival and for the destruction of Nazism and we believe that these are very good reasons for fighting. Nevertheless it must be recognized that this war is being fought not only against Nazi arms but against Nazi ideology and that this must be met by positive democratic ideas. We do not ask for a detailed blueprint but we should like to know what kind of political and economic set-up the British government is hoping to establish in Europe. And particularly we should like to be

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assured that it is not thinking in terms of a revival of the pre-Hitler status quo. At the same time it is important for Americans to be thinking about the part this country must play in the post-war world if there is to be any hope of achieving stable peace. We cannot again irresponsibly withdraw into isolation. Our refusal after 1918 to accept a role in world affairs commensurate with our economic strength and political influence had much to do with the subsequent decay in international relations. This time we must be ready to share in the task of reconstruction and we should recognize now that uncertainty on that score is a major obstacle to the formulation of peace aims by Britain.

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MUSSOLINI SEEMS DESPERATELY ANXIOUS TO prevent news from Italy from reaching the outside world except through official channels. Foreign correspondents have been forbidden to leave Rome without permission and the same restriction has been put on American diplomats. No doubt it is felt that if allowed to move around freely they might learn too much about the state of Italian morale and the effect of British raids. Now the Italian government has asked the United States to close its consulates at Naples and Palermo. It has a right to make this request but there is supposed to be some degree of reciprocity about the number of consuls which two states maintain in each other's territory. We would suggest, therefore, that the State Department seize this opportunity to ask for the closing of two Italian consulates. That would mean two centers of Axis propaganda put out of action.

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TWO OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED GERMAN Social Democrats have been arrested in Southern France and handed over to the Gestapo, to be sent to Germany. Rudolf Breitscheid and Rudolf Hilferding, both prominent during the Weimar Republic, were forced into exile after Hitler came to power and later deprived of their German citizenship and stripped of their private property. Breitscheid was an expert on international affairs and a champion of the League of Nations, in whose assembly he sat as German delegate from 1926 to 1930. Hilferding was his party's leading financial authority. As Minister of Finance in 1923 he laid the foundations for the stabilization of the mark, although he was forced out of office before the consummation of the program and the credit for his work was filched by Dr. Schacht. These men are the bitter and irreconcilable enemies of Nazism and it is not hard to imagine the fate that awaits them in Germany. The action of the French government in surrendering them bodes ill for the hundreds of other anti-Nazis still trapped in unoccupied France. The Vichy authorities have protested that under the terms of the armistice they have no choice

but to deliver such political refugees as Hitler may demand. At best this excuse only shifts the crime. The very fact that the armistice contains a specific clause providing that enemies of the Nazi regime should be handed over on demand shows how unprecedented a violation of customary usage was this brutal condition. To have agreed to such a condition was more than a sign of helplessness; it was proof of the degradation of the officials who engineered France's surrender. Oswald Garrison Villard has urged in the *New York Times* that telegrams of protest should be sent immediately to the French Ambassador in Washington, Gaston Henry-Hays. We heartily endorse this suggestion. The Vichy government must be made aware that such acts of subservience to Hitler can only alienate American sympathy for France.

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MR. WENDELL WILLKIE'S SPEECH AT THE Lincoln Day dinner was in effect a reply to the Republican Old Guard who have been itching to disown him ever since the Philadelphia convention and saw an opportunity in his support of the Lease-Lend bill. Hitting back, he warned his listeners to beware the fate of the Whig party and avoid becoming "merely the party of negation, merely the party of opposition, merely those who find fault and who in one of the critical moments of history find nothing nobler to do than compromise." This sounds to us like an almost perfect description of the present state of the G. O. P., but it is one thing to recognize that an organization is sick and something else again to perceive the causes of that sickness and to know how to eradicate them. Mr. Willkie called on his party to preach a "positive doctrine" but he did no more than hint at his ideas for the substance of such a doctrine. Clearly he believes that isolation is as sterile as it is dangerous, and at one point it seemed to us, as we listened in on his speech, that he was heading toward advocacy of Union Now, of a federation composed of the United States and the British Commonwealth. That is a large and fertile idea which would connect the Republican Party with its almost forgotten roots and might start the sap rising again in its aged limbs. But such a revivification would require the lopping off of parasitic clusters of vested interests and vested prejudices, and we question whether Wendell Willkie, or any other outstanding Republican, is capable of such drastic surgery.

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THE PRESS AND THE RADIO APPEAR TO BE vying with each other to give the impression that the national defense program is being hamstrung by an unprecedented wave of strikes. Day after day the roll of strikes is called, none being too small or too short in duration to escape mention. And in each instance the total of defense contracts held by the firm is set forth,

irrespective of stoppage. R workers men to discover, orders been mand for profits no any wage g nine of the aggregate n than doubl 367,000. C sion, interf putes has 1940 than workers an man-days a volved has in 1918 w pointed ou one-fourth conditions strike has commenta

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irrespective of whether or not these are affected by the stoppage. Rarely are the legitimate grievances of the workers mentioned. Never, so far as we have been able to discover, have the firm's swollen profits from war orders been referred to in connection with labor's demand for increased wages. Yet the reports on 1940 profits now coming in show increases that far outstrip any wage gains that have been achieved. Reports from nine of the largest steel companies, for example, show aggregate net profits in 1940 of \$229,800,000, or more than double 1939's already large net profits of \$114,367,000. Contrary to what must be the popular impression, interference with production because of labor disputes has been slight. There were 160 fewer strikes in 1940 than in 1939, and these involved only half as many workers and caused only about one-third as much loss in man-days as the 1939 disputes. The number of men involved has been only half as large as in a similar period in 1918 when we were at war. As Sidney Hillman has pointed out, the time lost in strikes in 1940 was less than one-fourth that lost from industrial accidents. And as conditions stand in mid-February, not a single major strike has yet developed in 1941. Newspapers and radio commentators please note!

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THE PLIGHT OF THE HUNGRY MILLIONS IN Nazi-occupied countries presents a horrible dilemma to humane people who recognize that unless Hitler is defeated all Europe is condemned to slavery. Is it possible to send help to these victims of aggression without at the same time helping to strengthen German resistance to the British blockade? Mr. Hoover believes that it is, and in his radio address on Sunday he outlined a plan for an initial experiment in Belgium which his Committee on Food for the Small Democracies has put before the British and German governments. This scheme follows a visit of inspection to the occupied areas by an American commission of three which found that Belgium was very close to famine. Mr. Hoover made a number of references to the report of this commission but it has not been published. It seems to us that, before the American public is asked to give further moral support to this cause, this report should be made available in full. We need to know whether these American investigators were able to find out to what extent shortages in the occupied countries are due to requisitions and forced exports to Germany. A report from Berlin in the *New York Times* of February 2 stated: "German troops occupying Belgium are approaching the point where they will be provided entirely from the Reich." This means that during the last eight months, while conditions in Belgium were steadily growing worse, the German army there was at least partly living off the land. Mr. Hoover says that his original stipulations stand: Germany must cooperate in

providing part of the necessary food and must end the drain on native supplies by the Nazi armies. The American commission has been in touch with the German authorities. What assurances has it received on these points?

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THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT HAS rejected the appeal of Earl Browder and there is little legal possibility left that the Communist leader will escape a four-year prison term for using a passport obtained by fraud. There has never seemed to us to be much doubt about the validity of the evidence in this case but at the same time the offense appears to be picayune and in no sense commensurate with so harsh a sentence. The government was out to "get" Browder and it resorted to precisely the tactics employed to "get" Al Capone, who after committing practically every crime on the calendar was finally imprisoned for cheating on his income tax returns. We heartily dislike this any-stick-to-beat-a-dog strategy and prefer the more direct approach adopted in the case of Harry Bridges. Here the charge is membership in the Communist Party, pure and simple. Under a recently enacted law, aliens are subject to deportation for membership in "subversive organizations" either at the time the accusation is made or at any time in the past. That law seems to us dangerous and altogether unjust, but the trial of Bridges will serve a highly useful purpose if it clears the air—air, we might add, that has been clouded no little by the Communists themselves. They have consistently refused to face in open court the issue of whether or not they believe in force and violence. A fair trial for Bridges should decide first whether he is a Communist second, whether the Communist Party is subversive as charged. If both counts are established we would still wish to have the Supreme Court's opinion whether or not the theoretical position of an organization legally compromises all its members. Finally, the Supreme Court should pass on the retroactive aspect of the law.

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WE ARE NOT AS SURE AS THE WASHINGTON police seem to be that General Krivitsky committed suicide. Suicide has been made to look like murder before this, and by less trained killers than the GPU. There is no question that the GPU had compelling reasons for wanting Krivitsky out of the way. Aside from the fact that a bureaucracy of terror, like any other, is most vindictive toward one of its apostates, Krivitsky's past revelations and possible future exposures of the identity and activities of GPU agents in this country would provide more than sufficient motivation. His death would be useful too as an example to other, potential deserters. If Krivitsky did kill himself, his act may well have been forced. Those average spy-free Americans who scoff at the idea that he could be induced to kill himself, do not

men at Hainan Island and Formosa, ready for a southward adventure. At the same time negotiations for a pact with the Soviets are being pushed and reports from Moscow suggest that there are good auguries for their successful conclusion.

Thus though Tokyo may be anxious to lull the Western powers into a sense of security, the danger of war remains. The mining of the waters around Singapore, though precautionary, would hardly be undertaken without cause. Equally ominous is the evacuation of Japanese civilians from the East Indies and occupied China, and the withdrawal of Britons from Thailand. Washington is similarly hastening the evacuation of Americans from the Far East. The Japanese Diet is rushing bills to place the country on a war footing by the end of the current week. Netherlands East Indies has announced its intention of resisting attack, and the Australian War Council has issued a special warning which was echoed by the Prime Minister of New Zealand.

It is evident that Japan is poised to launch its long-expected southward drive at the first favorable opportunity. Doubtless it is the intention that this drive should be coordinated with a major Axis offensive in Europe, presumably the invasion of England. When this drive will come, it is impossible, of course, to say. But if we are to judge by Japanese behavior during the last six or seven months, it seems safe to assume that Japan is not going to launch a major offensive against either British or Dutch possessions unless it feels reasonably certain that the United States is not going to intervene, or that a British defeat is assured. Since it can hardly feel safe on either of these points at the present moment, we may assume that Japan's immediate steps will be restricted to strengthening its position in the southern part of Indo-China and Thailand as a pointed threat to Singapore and Burma.

In its drive to the South, Japan has one considerable advantage which did not exist in its attack on China. It is dealing with subject colonial peoples for whom the Japanese yoke may seem hardly more onerous than the one they have been wearing. Observers of the Japanese penetration into northern Indo-China report that the natives, in many instances, actually welcomed the Japanese as deliverers. In no case was there mass opposition such as the Japanese have encountered in China. A somewhat similar situation is likely to prevail in the event of a Japanese attack on the British colonies, including India, Burma, and Singapore, and on the Dutch East Indies.

Offsetting the lack of opposition by the colonial peoples is the danger, for Japan, of war with the United States. The Japanese leaders are fully aware of the catastrophe that such a conflict would involve. No attack on Singapore or the East Indies could possibly succeed with the Philippines in the hands of a hostile power. Such an

attack would be doubly hazardous if the American battle fleet were in the Pacific. And an effective shutting out of American supplies would soon seriously impair Japanese military efficiency. The chief threat of war, then, would seem to lie in a miscalculation on the part of the Japanese militarists of the point at which America will fight. It is here that the activities of our isolationists are most dangerous. For they tend to give the Japanese militarists a false impression of the temper of the American people. A firm uncompromising policy is the best security against further Japanese adventures and, for that reason, the best insurance against our being drawn into war.

Hitler Moves East

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN Eastern Europe events are moving too fast for the mind and too slowly for the emotions. Only a week ago Bulgaria was still denying newspaper reports of the infiltration of Germans; less than a week ago Yugoslavia dismissed as "not probable" the rumor that Premier Dragisha Cvetkovitch and Foreign Minister Alexander Cincar-Markovitch would go to Germany to "confer" with Hitler. Today Nazi forces in Bulgaria have reached such proportions that their presence is admitted in semi-official quarters and their distribution and activities have been fully reported by the correspondents, while the Yugoslav ministers have traveled the long road to Berchtesgaden and returned, saying nothing and looking "tired." These are only two samples. The world has been fed on a full menu of confusion and nerve-wracking rumors.

But the events of the past week are deceptively complicated. The realities behind them are fairly clear. Hitler's procedure in the Balkans, as in southwestern Europe, is systematic and according to precedent—and it includes the dissemination of disturbing rumors. He is methodically clearing the road to the East by conquering Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, as he recently conquered Rumania. He is not engaging in a campaign—à la Mussolini—in bitter weather on mountainous and hostile terrain. He is using his other, preliminary weapons—weapons which are denied to the weak. Promises, threats, internal demoralization, "peaceful" penetration, the encouragement of national antagonisms—with a powerful military machine on the border ready to move if the strategy of terror should fail: such is the well-tested technique applied in turn to each small nation that blocks his way. Why attack when one can filter through to victory?

The two important obstacles that remain are British armed force and the magnificent resistance of the Greeks. The victories of Britain's armies in North Africa have undoubtedly slowed up the progress of Hitler's cold war

in Europe; the reluctance of his predestined victims to lay themselves under the wheels of his war-machine, which has been manifest in Vichy and Madrid as well as in the Balkans, is the direct product of British success. But that success has also provided the final reason why Hitler could not accept delay. He must accomplish his major purposes quickly before British victories in North Africa release large numbers of troops and ships and planes for use in the Greek campaign or in Turkey. He must threaten the Greeks on the Thracian frontier, and try to turn Fascist defeat into Nazi victory. He must protect the Rumanian oil fields against bombing raids. The signing of a Bulgarian-Turkish "non-aggression pact" is a clear announcement that German occupation of Bulgaria has been accepted as an accomplished fact; that Greece has been abandoned by both Turkey and Bulgaria; that Russia will neither resist nor encourage resistance to Nazi domination of the Balkan peninsula. The big brother of all the Slavic nations is sunk in silence and immobility while Hitler moves his forces to the borders of Turkey. As long as Greece holds out Britain will control important bases on the European continent. But it is difficult to see how even Greek courage and tenacity will be able to withstand the pressures that today threaten the country.

I am not suggesting that Hitler will be able to proceed indefinitely without being forced to fight. He most certainly expects to fight. But he is jockeying himself into position for an armed struggle under the best circumstances: against the fewest enemies, at the most favorable season, and after snatching as much as possible without cost. He may even complete the conquest of Eastern Europe without extending the area of struggle. He will not be able to dislodge the British from Italy's African empire but if he controls the European shores of the Mediterranean he can force Britain to maintain great concentrations of men and ships in that sea, thus hampering the defense of England and of the Atlantic sea lanes and diminishing the value of the victories in Africa.

But even the collapse of Greek resistance and Nazi domination of the whole Balkan area would not spell the end of this phase of the war. Hitler is fighting England, and his chief objectives in the Eastern Mediterranean are the Dardanelles and Suez. Turkey, it may still be assumed, will fight rather than accept Nazi control of the Dardanelles (even if Russia is willing to see this treasured gateway to the West fall into Nazi hands), while the far longer road to Suez, by land or by sea, would be defended every league of the way by the British. In this campaign, Britain's present mastery of the Mediterranean gives it a mighty superiority, and it is evident that Hitler's inescapable task is to challenge that mastery before he attempts any such hazardous major operation.

Franco Pays a Call

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THOUGH General Franco's interview with Mussolini and his subsequent talk with General Pétain were quickly pushed from the front pages by more ominous developments in the Balkans and the Far East, the three protagonists of the Latin bloc and their absent chief, Adolf Hitler, undoubtedly laid the groundwork for important future action. In the *Giornale d'Italia*, Virginio Gayda expressed confidence that the "absolute similarity in the viewpoints of the two dictators" would soon be apparent. His prediction will doubtless turn out to be correct. The fact that no startling action has followed the Franco-Mussolini interview does not mean that the danger of Spanish participation in the next assault against Britain has been eliminated. First visits of neutral premiers and foreign ministers to Berlin or Rome or Berchtesgaden are seldom followed by immediate sensational developments; but the final outcome is the acceptance of Hitler's orders without even a show of resistance. These state visits are merely planned prologues to a climax clearly foreseen and prepared by Hitler, whose strategy of "appeasement" consists, not of wheat loans and bribes, but of skilfully deployed motorized divisions or contingents of German "tourist" soldiers. (Eight thousand are reliably reported to be in Spain today.)

Franco has undoubtedly and in sufficient time been informed by Hitler, through Mussolini, what will be expected of him when the decisive moment comes. So far, secrecy conceals the exact form that Franco's collaboration is to take. The best indications are that, instead of the expected German attack on Gibraltar, the next Nazi move will be toward the Balearic Islands. In the transfer of the war to the Western Mediterranean, a German-Italian lease of the Balearics for the use of their submarines and airplanes would prove far more attractive to the Nazis than an attempt to capture Gibraltar. The conquest of the Rock will not be easy, despite the powerful guns mounted on Sierra Carbonera and at Ceuta during the war in Spain—mounted there with the permission of the British government, against the warnings of the Spanish Republicans. Those guns will enable Germany to place under fire all traffic through the Straits even if Gibraltar remains in British hands.

Some influential people in England and the United States assume that Franco cannot go into the war with a discontented and hungry people behind him. Seldom, it is true, has modern Europe witnessed such a shambles as the Franco regime. The famine which grips the country today is the result of two policies: shipments to Germany of goods needed in Spain, and the imprisonment, and the withdrawal from production, of more than a million workers, many of them peasants. These prisoners form

the nucleus of the opposition to Franco, but that opposition is slowly embracing the whole population.

The government has failed in its demagogic attempts to entice workers into the "vertical unions"—formed by workers and owners, but with a voice only for the latter. Minimum wages and hours exist now only on paper. The worker is forced to labor ten to twelve hours a day and his pay falls as the costs of living rise—costs increased by the tremendous speculation in foodstuffs and the lack of staple foods. The middle class suffers with the workers; the little merchant has been all but wiped out. Industry is weak from lack of raw materials, the bulk of which are being sent to Germany.

The government is eternally issuing decrees for the reconstruction of the country and for the repair of property damaged during the war. But American travelers who have recently passed through Spain assure me that all along the route from Figueras to the Portuguese border, the ruined towns remain much as they were on the day the war ended. Aside from mass executions, little or no "reconstruction" has been accomplished. The inefficiency of the government surpasses its cruelty. Of the Franco slogan, "Spain, United, Great, and Free," only the words "Spain United" correspond to the truth. Franco has united Spain—against him and his government.

Corruption is widespread; there have been frequent scandals in the administration of *Auxilio Social*—that division of the fascist Falange which the American Red Cross has selected to distribute America's food gift to

Spain!—and some of its leaders have had to be imprisoned. Three times since the end of the war internal dissensions have forced a change of leadership in the all-important Madrid Falange.

This dismal picture may encourage the delusion in England as well as in this country that Franco can be persuaded or bribed into real neutrality. Clearly it would be to his immediate interest to resist the pressure of Berlin even though he well knows that a Hitler defeat means the downfall of his own regime. But the one essential fact to be remembered is that Franco is not a free agent. The day that Hitler asks Franco to act, Franco will act. Should Hitler need him for his plans, he will, after some simulated resistance, allow a Nazi march through Spain, or lease the Balearics to the Axis. The appeasers may argue that the immediate necessity is to gain time, to postpone the hour when Franco is forced to move. But the only time that really can be gained is the time Hitler is willing to grant.

During the first European war, King Alfonso used to say to his French friends: "In Spain only the *canaille* and I are for the Allies." This statement was correct, except with reference to the King. In Spain today, as yesterday, only the "*canaille*," the common people, are on the side of democracy. This is a distressing fact for the diehards of the democratic countries who would prefer to have as allies the other diehards everywhere. But without the final aid of the *canaille* of all Europe, Hitler cannot be beaten. Now is the time to choose sides.

The Frankfurter Injunction

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 15

YOUR correspondent knows little of labor injunctions beyond what he once read in a book about them. Though written by Felix Frankfurter and Nathan Greene, it turns out to have been poor preparation for an understanding of Justice Frankfurter's decision in the Chicago Milk Vendors' case. The book protests "the vague inclusiveness of the blanket injunction." The decision upholds an injunction so sweeping as to cover not only lawless activities but peaceful picketing.

It is every man's right to puzzle his friends. Justice Frankfurter did it once before when he held, with only Justice Stone dissenting, that nothing in the Bill of Rights protects school children whose religious scruples will not permit them to salute the flag. Both decisions purport to embody a special deference to democratic processes. "If the people of Illinois," Justice Frankfurter

wrote in the Milk Vendors' case, "desire to withdraw the use of the injunction in labor controversies, the democratic process for legislative reform is at their disposal."

This is a rhetorical flourish, not a realistic appraisal. The people of Illinois have expressed their desire to withdraw the use of the injunction in labor controversies. In 1925 the Illinois legislature passed an anti-injunction law for which Illinois labor had been campaigning since 1899. It was carefully written to avoid the loopholes that judicial interpretation had already opened in the anti-injunction provisions of the Clayton Act. It forbade the issuance of injunctions against peaceful picketing and it was designed to cover the secondary boycott as well as the strike. Unfortunately this statute, as Earl R. Beckner reports in his "History of Labor Legislation in Illinois," "has caused very little change in the practice of issuing injunctions against picketing." If the reader wants higher

authority, I refer him to page 181 of Frankfurter and Greene's "The Labor Injunction."

What are the people of Illinois supposed to do now? Reenacting the law won't solve the problem of getting the courts to obey it. One way for the United States Supreme Court to show its concern for democratic processes is to do what it can to make the lower courts comport themselves in accordance with the law. It is doing so in the case of peaceful picketing. It has already held that peaceful picketing is a form of free speech, and as such is protected by the Constitution. The Bill of Rights may not be repealed by any count of heads, and



Justice Frankfurter

"democratic processes" have their limitations. When a majority of the legislators of Alabama passed a law against peaceful picketing, the United States Supreme Court held it unconstitutional. Why should a majority of the judges on the Supreme Court of Illinois now be permitted to do by injunction what a

majority of the legislators of Alabama are not permitted to do by law?

Deference to democratic processes is one of those general considerations which Justice Holmes said do not decide concrete cases. The day that Justice Frankfurter handed down the decision in the Milk Vendors' case, he also ruled upon another Illinois labor injunction. Both were issued in secondary boycotts and both involved violence, but the majority chose to consider them as involving two distinct questions. The former was regarded as raising the question of whether an injunction might be issued against peaceful picketing because there had been considerable violence in the dispute. The latter was regarded as raising the question of whether peaceful picketing might be enjoined because it occurred in a secondary boycott. Both questions seem to call for the same answer, whether under the federal Constitution or under the anti-injunction law of Illinois. The Illinois law says peaceful picketing may not be enjoined. Period. It does not say that peaceful picketing may be enjoined in a secondary boycott or that it may be enjoined if violence has occurred.

By giving a different answer to each question, with a different majority in support of him each time, Justice Frankfurter makes it hard to believe that his impelling motive was to teach the people to rely on their ballots rather than on their judges. With the Chief Justice and

Justice Roberts dissenting, he held that peaceful picketing may not be enjoined in secondary boycotts. With Justices Black, Douglas, and Reed dissenting, he held that peaceful picketing might be enjoined when it is "set in a background of violence." This, as Beckner shows in his history of labor legislation in the state, is not far distant from an old Illinois custom. "Drastic injunctions," he writes, were issued despite the anti-injunction law on the excuse that "some more or less inconsequential unlawful act was committed by the union or its members." The violence in the case of the Milk Vendors was not inconsequential; their \$15-a-week average earnings were taking jobs from \$45-a-week union milk-wagon drivers. But the answer is twofold. First, as shown by Justice Black's analysis of the facts, most of the violence occurred months before the picketing began. Union members were prosecuted and sent to jail for participation in violence. But both sides agreed on appeal that the pickets themselves were peaceful, that they had made no threats, tried to stop no customers. The second answer is that to let judges decide how much violence permits an injunction against non-violent union methods, is to give the anti-labor judge a free hand and pray that on appeal the Supreme Court will reverse him. We are left more dependent on judges than ever.

Democratic processes, i. e., legislative processes, resort to which is suggested by Justice Frankfurter, can work in only one direction in this particular situation. The people of Illinois have already demonstrated their desire "to withdraw the use of the injunction in labor controversies." The United States Supreme Court has now created a generous loophole in the case of violence. This loophole can hardly be closed short of abolishing the injunction altogether, a move so drastic as to be of doubtful constitutionality. For though the injunction may be abused in labor cases, it serves a vital purpose in others and it should be possible to use it against labor lawlessness without interfering with legitimate labor activities.

Democratic processes are given new leeway, however, in the other direction. In an attempt to distinguish between the Milk Vendors' decision and last year's decisions against anti-picketing laws, Justice Frankfurter throws out a suggestion. The anti-picketing laws were held unconstitutional as "an unlimited ban on free communication. . . . We would not strike down a statute which authorized the courts of Illinois to prohibit picketing when they should find that violence had given to the picketing a coercive effect whereby it would operate destructively as force and intimidation." Though this dictum be the fruit of a desperate attempt at consistency, it may haunt Justice Frankfurter and the labor movement for some time. "Judges need not be so innocent of the actualities of . . . industrial conflict," to quote Justice Frankfurter, as not to know that this invites employers to qualify for an injunction by hiring a few provocateurs.

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De Gaulle at Dakar

BY JUAN S. VIDARTE

SINCE my arrival in the United States a few weeks ago, I have repeatedly been asked about the events which I witnessed in Dakar last September. Most of my questioners want to know why General De Gaulle chose to attack when he had no one in Dakar to help him, and they usually imply that he must have been either mad or drunk to handle the expedition as he did. Neither supposition is true, nor was De Gaulle without friends; but he was unbelievably ill-informed about the whole situation in Dakar.

The De Gaulle campaign against the capital of French West Africa is a chronicle of errors: during the weeks when Dakar would have fallen to a launchful of brave Frenchmen armed with rifles, no move was made against the town; when De Gaulle decided to attack, the indecisiveness of his aides there betrayed all his supporters; and finally when the Vichy men in Dakar were at the point of surrender, the British squadron sailed away.

De Gaulle was right in assuming that his stand against the Men of Vichy would find warm support in the French colonies. When I arrived in Dakar early in July, after an overland trip from French Morocco, I at once noticed there the atmosphere I had observed in Gao, Niamey, Bamako, and other French colonial cities south of the Sahara. All French officers were convinced that at any moment the colonies would rise. News had already reached Dakar about the arrival in North Africa of the ship *Massilia* with Daladier, Mandel, Campinchi, Delbos, and other war-time French officials, and everybody expected to hear soon of the establishment of a government of Free France in North Africa. Later, when news came of the betrayals, of the differences between Daladier and Mandel, of the Meknes plot, of Mandel's desperate play, ended by his imprisonment, those who believed in fighting to the finish were not discouraged. They merely transferred their hopes to the movement begun by De Gaulle. Already England had recognized him as the leader of Free France.

At that time Dakar's defenses, besides the coast batteries, were only a few aviation squadrons and the great 35,000-ton battleship *Richelieu*, the best and most modern unit in the French navy. Though Dakar is the largest city in Senegal, few Senegalese troops were there, most of them having been sent to Casablanca or to France. On July 8 the British navy gave to the authorities of Dakar the same ultimatum it had given to the French at Alexandria and Mers-el-Kebir just a few days before. Receiving no satisfactory answer, the British caused a

series of explosions near the stern of the *Richelieu* that damaged the giant's propellers. The British then departed, leaving the *Richelieu* still watchman over the port, but condemned to inaction as well as immobility, because, as we were later informed, it had no shells for its long-range guns.

A few weeks later an Italo-German armistice sub-commission arrived at the town. Its avowed purpose was to investigate a concentration camp for Italian and German prisoners caught in Senegal at the outbreak of the fighting. In reality, these sub-commissioners were Himmler agents and acted accordingly. In airplanes loaded with the ex-prisoners and the propellers of all military airplanes in Dakar, they soon returned to Germany.

With the departure of the Germans, Dakar was left with a ship that could not move or shoot and several squadrons of planes without propellers. Moreover, as the fascist pattern of Pétain's decrees was daily strengthening the Free French cause, supporters of De Gaulle were probably a majority in the armed forces and certainly were in the civilian population of some three thousand Europeans. If anyone wanted to take the port without noise or bloodshed, now was the time to do so.

Late in August, Colonel Larminat, Governor of Chad, declared himself for De Gaulle, as did most of the rest of French Equatorial Africa, except Libreville, the capital of Gabon. Though Boisson, Governor-General of French West Africa, came out against De Gaulle and began to organize an army unit to attack British Gambia, an enclave in the French possessions, he soon abandoned the project because of its poor reception in Dakar. Unfortunately his attitude caused many pro-De Gaulle Frenchmen in Senegal, the Ivory Coast, and elsewhere to join the British in Gambia, the Gold Coast, etc. This cut down the number of De Gaulle sympathizers remaining in Dakar.

In September De Gaulle's friends in Dakar were unpleasantly surprised when three French battleships arrived at the port from Toulon. They had passed Gibraltar without challenge from the British. One of the ships, the *Georges Leygues*, was bringing not only shells for herself, but also a good supply of shells (380) for the batteries of the *Richelieu*, and it also brought back the airplane propellers which the Germans had taken away a month before. The naval arm was further strengthened by the arrival of several torpedo boats and submarines from Casablanca. De Gaulle's friends, still numerous in both land and air forces, were far from

discouraged, but Dakar was again fortified and the odds were against its capture.

Yet De Gaulle decided to move. On Sunday, September 22, the news spread through Dakar that his agents, headed by a Lieutenant Boislambert, were already in town. Rumor said that Boislambert would personally lead the rebellion, that even the coastal batteries were *De Gaulliste* now. The De Gaulle men in Dakar spent that night sleeplessly making plans; tracing strategy on maps; capturing, if not airports, air castles; waiting. The



General De Gaulle

optimists were certain that within twenty-four hours all of French West Africa would be in their leader's hands. The revolt would spread north. Free Frenchmen would attack the Italians and make them pay for their treachery in stabbing France in the back. Italy would find her defeat in Africa.

The first sound next morning was the firing of anti-aircraft guns at De Gaulle's planes which were flying low to drop leaflets inviting land, air, and naval forces to join Free France and its powerful allies. In the office of a friend, a supporter of De Gaulle, I waited for news. We knew that two planes carrying seven French officers had landed at the large airport of Ouakam, imprisoned the commandant, and now held the landing field. Communication with Thiel airport was cut off and a squadron flying both the tricolor and the white flag of truce was cruising off Dakar. De Gaulle, who was on one of the ships, had requested the Governor's consent to the landing of Free French troops.

While everyone was asking: "Will Frenchmen fire on Frenchmen?" the coastal batteries opened fire on the Sarvognan de Brazza as it approached with De Gaulle's official emissaries. Then deafening detonations from the long-range guns of the Richelieu shook the town's poorly constructed buildings. De Gaulle did not answer this fire, but continued to give ultimatums for surrender of the post. By eleven o'clock that morning his patience was at end; he ordered his men to return the fire. For two hours they bombarded the town, the shells whistling over our heads. Then De Gaulle gave the order to cease firing, and at three o'clock that afternoon addressed the people by radio:

"Frenchmen of Dakar, a fellow-countryman, a French officer, addresses you. How long are you going to allow this tragic situation to continue? We bring you freedom, food, and arms for your defense. We come to you as

brothers, with open arms, but those people who wish to impose on you their own dishonor receive us as enemies. Frenchmen of Dakar, be not deceived. Do you know where the enemies of France are? They are in Paris, in Brest, in Lille, and in Strasbourg. Their accomplices wait for the time to invade Corsica and Tunis. Will you allow them to come to Dakar? There is still time. We can free you from these chiefs who are leading you to ruin and dishonor. With our aid you can choose the path of honor and victory. Have courage! Join with the forces of General De Gaulle."

De Gaulle, who had two 30,000-ton warships, two cruisers of 10,000 tons, and two destroyers, was maneuvering to land his troops, but the powerful guns of the Richelieu blocked the way. Attempts to disembark at Rufisque Beach, some twenty miles from Dakar, were repulsed, though De Gaulle was able to sink the submarine *Persée* and the destroyer *Audacieux*, and to damage a cruiser.

Not until nightfall did I learn what had happened earlier that day to contribute further to the disaster. At five in the morning Lieutenant Boislambert had drawn his revolver on the colonel in command of the coast batteries and taken charge, to await De Gaulle; then reinforcements sent by the Governor forced him to flee. The assault on the Ouakam airport had failed because of the willingness of De Gaulle's friends to talk instead of act, which gave time for reinforcements to arrive and take them prisoners. One of the captured had a list of the De Gaulle sympathizers in Dakar and of the objectives of the attack. The Governor thereupon at once arrested the mayor, the members of the city council, the president of the chamber of commerce, the secretary of the Socialist Party, and many soldiers. There was now no chance that De Gaulle's friends in Dakar could give him any effective aid.

On the next morning (September 24,) I learned of the note which the admiral in command of the British fleet had addressed to Governor Boisson on the previous evening. It stated that De Gaulle was retiring in order to prevent Frenchmen from fighting Frenchmen and that he was leaving the battle in the hands of the British. Boisson replied: "France has entrusted Dakar to my care and I shall defend it to the end!" In expectation of a renewal of the British attack, orders were given to evacuate the civilian population.

At eight o'clock that morning firing began again. English planes were dropping bombs on the ships anchored in the port. Some of them struck the Richelieu and the merchant ships *Tamara* and *Takoma*. The English squadron sent shells flying all over the harbor.

About eleven o'clock a truce was declared and people left the city in an exodus of biblical proportions. At noon British air and naval forces renewed the attack. The

Richelieu was struck again, as was the French warship Porthos. That night the Takoma, a floating bonfire, lighted up the port and the town.

The British had lost two airplanes in the attack on the port and I learned the next morning that three more had been lost in the attack on Thiel airport, inland from Dakar.

On the third day of the bombardment the British ships opened up early, setting fire to several buildings in the port area. In a daring rally, the French submarine Bevesiers torpedoed the British battleship Resolution. At eleven De Gaulle, in words of anger and disappointment, broadcast his last appeal. To this the Richelieu replied with steady firing, and the British ships drew away.

Colonel Boisson's forces, completely demoralized, were amazed at this retreat. Had the British pressed the attack a few hours longer, increasing the use of the air force, Dakar's resistance would have ended.

It is, of course, possible that London-Vichy relations would have been strained to the breaking point, even to the fighting point, if the British had pressed their advantage. But if Dakar was not worth that risk, the expedition should never have sailed. Its net result was a number of killed and wounded and a complete victory of the Vichy forces over the *De Gaulistes* in the Senegalese capital of Dakar. I myself, a known Spanish Republican, was forced to flee, within twenty-four hours, overland through the African jungle to Liberia.

Britain's Citizen Defenders

BY PATRICIA STRAUSS

THE British are once again discussing the possibility of invasion. The subject creeps into conversation, flits across men's minds as they work. The small flame of fear evoked last summer has changed to a cold confidence based on the unpaid, unprofessional 1,750,000 men of the Home Guard. During the day they are ordinary civilians earning their living. In their leisure hours they are home guards preparing to meet an invasion. Their text is Churchill's now famous phrase, "We shall fight in the fields and streets and in the hills." They plan seriously the best technique for defense of their own village. Every possibility is considered. If cut off from outside help with a force of mechanized troops coming from the west, would it be better to hold them at the bridge, or fall back on the crossroads? By their determination they have found their own unofficial way to answer such a question.

On Tuesday, May 14, 1940, at nine p.m., when all conversation in Britain had ceased by common consent because it was time for the news broadcast, and even farm laborers were staying up to hear it, Anthony Eden's smooth voice came over the radio asking for men between the ages of seventeen and sixty-five to form an organization to be known as the Local Defense Volunteers. They would not be paid, but would receive uniform and arms. They would be asked to give their spare time to learning how to defend their homes. The period of service would be for the duration of the war. It was preferably, but not essential, that they should know how to handle guns. The scheme was to apply particularly to villages, small towns, and remote districts where the danger of invasion by parachute troops was greatest.

While Eden was still speaking police stations in coun-

try areas were swamped with telephone calls. The first recruit signed on in Newcastle exactly four minutes after Eden had finished his appeal. Next day, all over Britain, men left home earlier than usual to sign on before going to work. Country men tramped into the nearest town to register. In the first twenty-four hours a quarter of a million men volunteered. All that day and the following days, the lines outside the recruiting depots were like cinema crowds waiting to see a smash-hit film. From now on these men would have no free evenings. The only reason there are not more than 1,750,000 men in the Home Guard is that the government decided that was enough and closed the lists.

The volunteers are of all classes and professions— butchers, farmers, bank clerks, railwaymen, scientists, engineers. The House of Commons has its own unit of members of Parliament, waiters, peers, and officials. It was surprising how many of the volunteers knew how to handle guns, until one remembered the men who had been in the last war, the middle class who had had rudimentary military training at school, the farmers and agricultural workers for whom shooting is part of their daily lives, the wealthier classes who shoot for sport.

Soon the volunteers were to be seen drilling in civilian clothes on the village green, instructed either by a regular army sergeant or by a local ex-officer of the last war. In the cities the drilling was done in parks. They learned to form fours and shoulder arms, and spent their nights watching the moorlands and downs for an enemy attempt to land parachute troops. The public dubbed them parashots. They were an enthusiastic and serious group of civilians. But they soon began to realize that something was wrong. They argued among themselves that

while they recognized the need for discipline, forming fours and shouldering arms in front of an oncoming tank would not help—unless the tank crew died of shock at the sight—and they wanted to do more than simply report plane-landings of enemy troops. They wanted to learn how to deal with the situation between the time of making the report and the arrival of reinforcements. Remembering the Nazi sweep through the Lowlands they realized that transport and communication were likely to be disrupted, and that, unless they had the knowledge to deal with the situation, their village might be captured before the regular army could get there. Being civilians, their critical faculties had not been drilled out of them, so they began to ask questions. They continued to guard bridges, railway lines, and crossroads, but their demand for real training grew.

It was too critical a time to wait for the War Office to develop an understanding of contemporary military tactics. After the fall of France the public was skeptical of the high command's "expert" knowledge. A few men with no official status came to the people's rescue. As a result of their work the government now has in the Home Guard not a body of men who watch and report but a military organization of civilian soldiers. The demand for this came from the people. They found unofficial means to satisfy it, and authority is finally recognizing and accepting their work. It is one of the many examples of democracy working in a country at war.

While the government was changing the name from Local Defense Volunteers to Home Guard, and uniforms and equipment were slowly dribbling to the units, Tom Wintringham, who fought in France from 1916 to 1918 and was the first commander of the British battalion of the International Brigade in the Spanish War, began to devise means of passing on to his fellow-countrymen the lessons he had learned in Spain. *Picture Post*, the English equivalent of *Life*, published a series of articles in which he explained in simple language, with diagrams, charts, and photographs, how the population of an ordinary village can impede the progress of tanks, break up formations of motorcycle corps, and use beer bottles filled with gasoline as deadly weapons. There was much laughter among certain people at the idea of a blacksmith engaging a tank with a pick-axe, but the men of the Home Guard recognized this as the kind of instruction they wanted. In Home Guard units from the highlands of Scotland to the Welsh valleys those articles were studied, pasted on walls, the tactics practiced and earnestly discussed. The Home Guard was having a correspondence course. In the East End of London and the Slums of Glasgow men practiced making and throwing hand grenades. Men who had never seen a tank knew exactly within how many yards of it they could safely come. The old soldiers scratched their heads in

bewilderment, the War Office remained coldly aloof, the Home Guard carried on.

Meanwhile Wintringham, determined that the Home Guard should have personal instruction, accepted from Lord Jersey his large house and grounds at Osterley Park, near London. Edward Hulton, owner of *Picture Post*, gave the money; Tom Wintringham and the finest faculty of experts you could hope to find under one roof gave their services; and Osterley was opened as a school where home guards could learn the technique worked out in the horror of Spain. Home guards came from all over Britain for two days' training, many voluntarily losing two days' pay from work, and went back to teach to the rest of their unit the things they had learned. But the school was unofficial. A request came from "very high up" that the school be closed. It was considered unnecessary that home guards should do "any of this crawling round; all they have to do is to sit in a pill-box and shoot straight." A circular was sent to units of the Home Guard pointing out that Osterley had not been approved. But it only served to make Osterley better known, and the applications to attend it increased.

Men at Osterley are not taught the drilling, signaling, or musketry which they can learn from their regular army instructors but methods of warfare not yet incorporated into military textbooks. Roland Penrose, the surrealist painter, is the Osterley camouflage expert. He teaches the Home Guard the principles of breaking sunlight with shadow, decorating a man with branches of trees, even dyeing his face, so that he will be invisible to a low-flying plane. Hugh Slater, the painter and journalist, who learned street-fighting with the International Brigade in Spain, shows on large-scale models how civilians with a minimum of equipment can defend a typical village. Anti-tank experts from the International Brigade teach the Home Guard how to blow up tanks with simple land mines. Wilfred Vernon, who was a technical officer and an aircraft designer in the last war, teaches the vulnerability of the dive-bomber and how to tackle it from the ground. There are also lessons in the great art of quickly and silently moving upon a man under cover of darkness; the use of smoke screens when there is no natural cover for attack; snapshooting with a revolver that fires through the holster; guerrilla warfare in territory occupied by the enemy; defense against troop-carrying aircraft, parachutists, and motorcycle corps; improvisation and use of hand grenades. Improvisation is stressed at Osterley because invasion does not take place under peacetime conditions, and the aim of the enemy is to disrupt transport and communications. In case supplies are cut off, it is essential for men to know that many household tools can be effective weapons.

The aim of the instructors at Osterley is to have the Home Guards so well trained in defense that the army may be freed for offensive operations, and the Home

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Guard be truly what its name implies. If every man in a village knows the position in which an armchair in a second floor window best affords cover and best enables him to command the street with a machine-gun, the Home Guard can deal with sporadic landings of airborne troops, while the army repels coastal attacks. It is psychologically better that a village should be defended by its own people. A retreat in someone else's village is just a retreat. But in your own village a retreat of 150 yards is a retreat from the sweetshop where you bought peppermints as a child to the baker's shop where your brother works. It is literally defending your own home.

The War Office also benefited from the experiment. In September, 1940, Osterley at last received official approval. The Army Council thanked the school and the War Office decided to take it over. Now the Home Guard is to have military status. Lord Gort, Inspector General, is responsible for its training. Officers of the Home Guard will assume the King's Commission and bear the usual titles of military rank.

In the morning they are civilians—the bank manager at his desk, the laborer in the field, the worker in the factory. In the evening social position gives place to the common determination to become skilled defenders. The men not scheduled to guard strategic points practice at the rifle range or discuss the practical application of the lessons of Osterley.

The churchbells of Britain have been silent since the fall of France. They will ring only to warn of invasion. All over Britain civilians will respond to the bells, not by leaving their villages in panic streams of refugees, but with well-ordered, well-disciplined, well-informed resistance. No town in Britain could be taken by a few motorcyclists, as was Abbeville in France. The vanguards of mechanized troops will not be able to sweep through villages impeded only by the limitations of their engines. Each village will be defended by its villagers with stubbornness and skill.

A commonly heard remark in Britain today is, "I wish Hitler would try to invade us. We'd show him!"

America's Food Problem

BY T. SWANN HARDING

AMERICAN agriculture is in serious difficulties, and not all of them caused by the war. Most, in fact, are of pre-war and domestic origin. For forty years the trend of American agricultural exports has been downward and the trend of agricultural production elsewhere in the world has been upward. The war of 1914-18 temporarily interrupted this movement. After Versailles we made loans to Europe to enable it to buy our produce and later found that these loans were gifts. We thereupon decided to give no more products away. So we bought Europe's gold and Europeans used some of their dollar exchange here to purchase agricultural products. The second World War ended that, and it could not have continued indefinitely anyway. Our tariffs being what they were and our exchange being built upon gold, we could not indefinitely continue that sort of thing, nor could we engage in barter, like Germany.

There are enormous agricultural surpluses all over the world today. While it would be mechanically possible for us to meet all normal domestic and foreign demands upon our agriculture with 1,600,000 fewer farm laborers than we had in 1930, we have many more on farms than we had in 1930. There are also two bales of cotton in the world today for every bale that will probably be used in the current marketing year, and there are two billion bushels of wheat for which no market exists, not to mention fresh fruits, lard, and tobacco.

In short, since the use of modern technology results in glutted markets and unemployment, we must stop overproducing staple commercial crops, and use the same ingenuity and foresight in putting technological developments to work that we used to discover them. A basic essential in national preparedness is a well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed rural population and, as Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has said, "With twenty million people living on an average of five cents per meal, we can hardly say that the American people are free from want now."

Although Great Britain at war manages to feed her people scientifically, we in America have largely prostituted the newer techniques of nutrition. We have permitted all sorts of commercial quacks and charlatans to exploit them and have been reluctant to safeguard the public for fear of diminishing profits. A few years ago certain communities congratulated themselves on having perfected diets that made it possible to feed relievers for the incredibly small sum of six or seven cents a day.

More recently we have done better. We now permit our twenty million underprivileged the huge sum of five cents per meal. Not only that; the food-stamp plan enables a certain proportion of them—not enough by any means—to increase this sum by two and one-half cents. This aristocracy among those on relief can spend seven and one-half cents per person per meal on food.

The application of the newer knowledge of nutrition has been restricted to the upper classes in the United States. In 1934 a survey made in New York City disclosed that 70 per cent of the children in East Side schools were backward in their studies because they were undernourished. The Bureau of Home Economics in 1939 cited deficient diet in low-salary city families not on relief and earning between \$500 and \$2,000 a year. Only about a third of these people, for instance, got enough vitamin A for good vision in semi-darkness, and bad vision in semi-darkness causes many an automobile accident attributed to carelessness. These people had only about two-thirds the vegetables and fruits and from one-half to one-third the milk they needed.

Surveys of various workers shortly prior to 1939 showed widespread undernourishment among the low-income classes in general. Here 21 per cent had diets with average energy values one-fourth below accepted standards; there only 29 per cent of a group had grade A diets; 45 per cent had grade B; and 26 per cent grade C, which failed even to meet average minimum dietetic requirements. At least ten studies in the five years before 1939 demonstrated the beneficial effects of supplementing children's ordinary diets.

One expert estimated that an average of 22.3 per cent of school children throughout the country suffered from malnutrition. Studies in New York City indicated that one-third of them there were poorly nourished. Four thousand people died annually of pellagra, a disease easily prevented by dietetic means, and thousands upon thousands more suffered disability and economic loss from the disease in milder, non-fatal forms—a 35-per cent loss in work efficiency being the average.

In December, 1940, a survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion indicated that President Roosevelt was well within the mark when, in his second inaugural address, he said one-third of the nation was ill-fed. For the survey indicated that foods retarding health were eaten by 40 per cent of American families. Only 20 per cent of the families earning \$20 a week or more found their diets deficient, but 70 per cent of those earning less than that were conscious of dietary lacks.

These representatives of twenty million underprivileged were asked what they would buy to eat if they had more money to buy with. They replied they would buy more meat, vegetables, fruits, and dairy products. Confirmation of this came in January, 1941, when it was found that selling milk at a cent a bottle to children in New York City schools increased sales by 477 per cent!

Our market for agricultural commodities is right here at home. Science and technology have taught us how to produce foods and fabrics in such abundance that we always threaten to glut the market. We know how men, women, and children should be fed to maintain health. Yet we have among us twenty million people trying to

make five cents per person per meal do them for food.

Here is a problem in social engineering, a purely functional problem of putting knowledge to work. We must link knowledge and power. We must implement science and technology. The food-stamp, school-lunch, and cotton-mattress plans dimly show the way, but far, far more must be done. The food-stamp plan enables a few hundred thousand people who spend but a dollar a week for food to spend \$1.50 a week. By May 1, 1940, a little more than ten million dollars' worth of butter, eggs, flour, cornmeal, rice, vegetables, fruits, pork, lard, and a few other foods had been distributed by this plan. Only 1,300,000 people had benefited.

If all people now eligible for relief could participate in this plan, it would cost about \$400,000,000 a year. An additional \$200,000,000 or \$240,000,000 would take care of all employed people who make less than \$1,000 per family annually. Even if all eligible for relief were included, the farmers would gain from \$240,000,000 to \$440,000,000 per year.

Underconsumption of food by low-income families is so common that if all our families had nutritionally good diets, consumers would require from 15 to 20 per cent more dairy products, about 35 per cent more eggs, and from 70 to 100 per cent more of certain fresh fruits and vegetables. Indeed, farmers themselves, to be properly nourished, should consume a half a billion gallons more milk, nearly a billion pounds more tomatoes and citrus fruits, and two and one-half billion pounds more vegetables. There is our potential market for diversified crops.

Communal kitchens could be introduced to feed those who need to have full meals at regular hours. Here the food would be better selected, better prepared, and more economical than at home. There could also be cook-houses to supply not only mobile canteens but people who brought dishes in which to take cooked food to their homes. Canteens could function as communal kitchens for those who needed light meals irregularly. Mobile canteens supplied from central cookhouses could service scattered populations and those unable to leave their posts. The British found that excellent meals could be prepared for fifty people at eightpence each, a sum that dropped to sixpence when the number was larger.

If all American families now on relief and all with incomes of less than \$1,000 a year could be given incomes of \$1,250 a year the results would be stupendous. They would buy \$1,247,000,000 worth more food, adding over half a billion dollars to the farm income. They would also purchase more non-food farm commodities.

The first step is to regard our entire production and distribution of basic farm commodities as requiring intensive application of scientific knowledge to every phase of the problem from preparing the soil and sowing the seed to the serving of food and the distribution and consumption of farm commodities by those who need them.

Bulgaria on the Eve

BY PETER STEVENS

Sofia, Bulgaria, January 15

I HAVE been spending the early winter in Sofia, the toyland capital of Bulgaria, the last of the capitals of Europe in the gay operetta tradition of "The Merry Widow," with its brilliant uniforms and a real czar living in a miniature, gingerbread palace. In happier days it was a grand place to relax in, eat caviar at a microscopic price, and attend the earnest little state opera.

During the Christmas season just passed the sleighs and fur hats, singing in the cafés, gaiety and champagne were all missing. The little city is still as lovely in its way; the opera and the caviar remain. But over all hangs a desperate shadow of fear. Fear today in Europe means fear of Hitler's army and Goering's *Luftwaffe*, but even more of the dreaded Blackshirts and the Gestapo. The Gestapo is already in Sofia, and every day rumors fly about that *this* is the day—the day that the Gestapo cease masquerading as tourists and that the hordes fly and walk in to take possession. "Will they come tonight?" "I have on good authority that two hundred and fifty members of the *Luftwaffe* will take over the Plovdiv Airport tomorrow morning." "The Turks will attack us then." "What can we do?"

My hotel, and others as well, are full of German "tourists," men of military age who say little and mix with the Bulgarians not at all. In the café and dining room of the Grand Hotel Bulgaria, next to the little palace, they sit in small groups, stiff and self-conscious, sipping their bitter black Bulgarian beer. They converse in low tones and read the latest issues of the German papers. The Bulgarians eye them with much the same awe that a Mississippi Negro must have eyed his prospective buyer in a slave market.

Twice a week the Bulgarians learn who is boss in the New Europe. They have two meatless days in a country which used to be an exporter of surplus meat. Three times every day the inferior quality of the dry, dusty bread reminds them their government is already doing as it is told. In return, the Germans send manufactured goods in

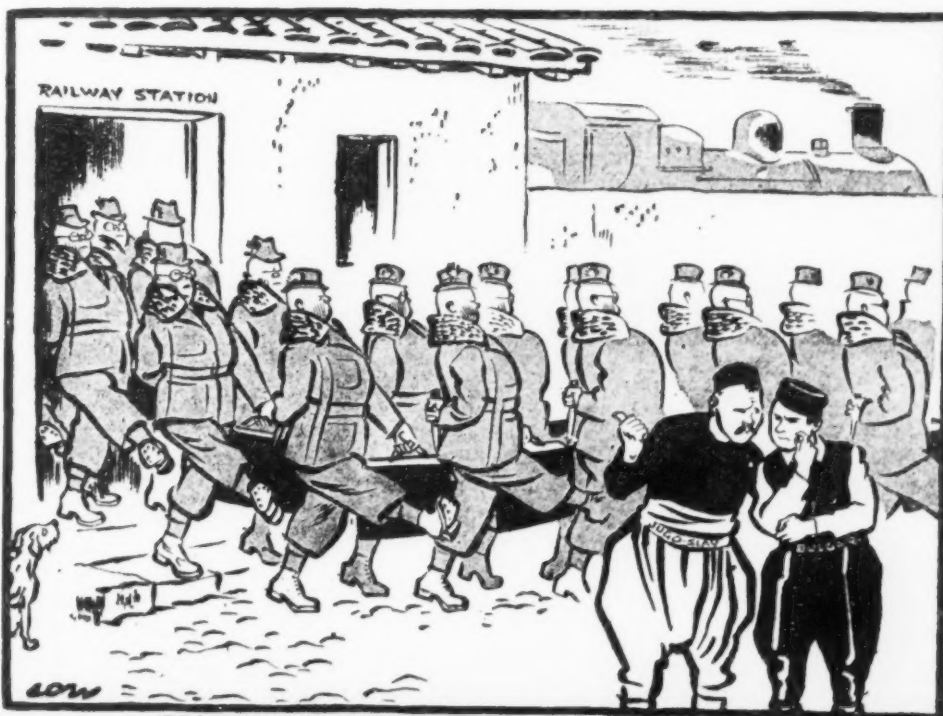
small quantities at high prices, but not enough to pay for the foodstuffs taken; the rest is paid in promises.

Of course the Bulgarians are bitter and hopeless. The pictures of Warsaw and Rotterdam are constantly before them in the German and Italian propaganda magazines. They remember all the other states. "If the French could not resist, how can we?" "... and the Germans say that four divisions will break the Greeks' back in the spring."

Even the gift of Dobrudja, forced from Rumania, has not made the Bulgarians love the Germans. No gift can make the Bulgarians forget that they were for five hundred years the economic, social, and political slaves of the Turkish "New Order" in the Balkans. Most of them know that as Slavs they are considered an "inferior race," doomed to become serfs of the Nordic overlords when a German order is established. Bulgarians are proud of being Slavs but do not cherish another half-thousand years of being slaves. "But what can we do?"

As Slavs, Bulgarians until recently had faith that Russia would protect them from all comers. That faith has gone. Russia, too, they believe is afraid of Germany. The great equestrian statue of the czar who sent Russian help in the war of independence against the Turks was formerly a symbol of the Big Brother up there who would shelter and protect. Now he is just another statue.

"Our choice," said a prosperous workman in a café one evening, "is to resist, be destroyed, and made slaves, or to be made slaves willingly." So thorough is the Axis propaganda of invincibility that no third possibility occurred to him. Under his hat was a toy horse, a present for his son. "I had to come back, but I wish I'd left the



REOPENING OF GERMAN TOURIST SEASON IN THE BALKANS

wife and kid in Detroit." He looked rather sadly at the horse. "We'll never get out now. I didn't take out no papers."

I left the café and walked back to the hotel. Tomorrow, like every other day, would bring its crop of rumors, high strategy in the war of terror, to frighten these poor people further. The King would be called to Germany again; more troops would pour into Rumania across the Danube; more "tourists" would arrive quietly from Berlin and Munich. Someone would say in a whisper, "There are 250,000 in Rumania and they say that up on the Danube they are preparing to cross." "They report that the Greeks cannot keep it up any longer." "What will be the end?"

In the hotel the elevator man said, "Do they say in Stamboul that the Turks will attack us if we let the Germans in?" I told them that I thought so. "My family live in Thrace," he said. "Good night, sir."

Early one morning I found myself standing beside my bed, wide awake and listening. Martial music! The Germans had come! I rushed to my window, threw it open, stepped out on the balcony. It was only the guards changing at the palace across the street. The sentries in their high astrakan hats stood at attention outside their little peppermint-striped sentry boxes. The snow fell gently on the gold turnip-like towers of the Russian Church. Nothing could have looked more peaceful! But rumor had gathered so much strength with repetition that a little martial music could awaken me from a sound sleep. Peace and the Goebbels rumor-terror cannot exist side by side.

In the Wind

AMBASSADOR DODD'S diary has been used by both sides on the war question. The President used it against Senator Wheeler, and the isolationists have been using it to get at William Bullitt, whom Dodd disliked, and others in the diplomatic corps. Now, Jay Franklin, former State Department man and Administration confidant, has written to *PM* that Dodd's memoirs are unreliable so far as American officials are concerned. The diary, he said, makes "entertaining reading, but can scarcely be considered the final authority in judging men or institutions."

THE NAZI "Workers Challenge" radio station sent out a broadcast before the recent People's Convention in London, saying that the Reich officials were "keenly interested" in the isolationist, anti-British affair. A week later the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, where the convention was to have been held, was bombed.

THE GOVERNMENT is putting a stop to some of the superlatives in advertising. A brand of canned peas now car-

ries on its label a boxed statement saying "Below Standard in Quality: Artificially Colored." Below that appear the words, "Above Legend Mandatory: Peas Actually Very High Quality."

RECENTLY Mrs. Roosevelt spoke against the poll tax at a meeting of Southern liberals in Richmond. The next day a local newspaper referred to the First Lady's "strange faith in universal suffrage."

THE MUNICIPAL government of Grand Rapids, Mich., recently announced that it was developing a special arm of the police force to protect strikebreakers.

SEVERAL DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN women wrote to the Spanish Embassy in Washington to inquire about and ask justice for Victoria Kent, the famous woman lawyer who was sent back to Spain from her refuge in France and is now in a Spanish prison. They specifically requested that their letter be forwarded to Franco. In reply they received a highly courteous note which had nothing to say of their request but which included the following passage: "... there is really little we can say except to give you the assurance that the courts of justice in Spain act with perfect regularity and justice for everyone. So, if, as you assert, Victoria Kent is not guilty of any transgression of the law, there is nothing to fear for her."

HARVARD LIBERALS now refer to the Communists as the Russia First Committee.

AT THE RECENT Youth Congress meeting Joseph P. Lash, formerly one of its top leaders but now in active disagreement with the Congress line, asked for a point of order. Lash stood for fifteen minutes waiting to be heard. Two minutes after he began speaking, Congress enthusiasts tried to knock him off his feet. No sooner had he stopped speaking than some high-school students appeared with a great banner inscribed: "Lash: \$4,000 a year man"—referring to the salary he receives as one of the officers of the International Student Service.

A RESIDENT OF HAMBURG wrote to an American friend about the friend's brother: "I set out yesterday to call on your brother, and just imagine how forgetful and absent-minded I am becoming! I walked up and down the whole length of the street twice without finding the house." The American thereby knew that his brother's house had been destroyed by a British bomb.

AT A MASSACHUSETTS town meeting a candidate for selectman was asked if he had ever been a Communist. He admitted that he had. "Well, I can't hold that against you," said the questioner. "I used to be a Kluxer myself."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Dictators and Poll Taxes

LYNN M. RANGER, of Lynn, Massachusetts, sells anthracite and bituminous stokers (110 different models) throughout New England. Like the rest of us he is interested not only in coal-burning comfort at home but in what is going to happen to us in the world. He sent me a question. He had been watching the figures in various polls which showed that among the American regions the South was readiest to risk aid to England even with the chance of war.

"Why?" he asked me.

With a portable typewriter on my knees in a Texas and Pacific railway station in Alexandria, Louisiana—a station full of lonely, dirty, sleepy army-camp construction-workers, I tried to tell him. I do not think I was entirely successful. As a Southerner I wanted to take pride in the statistical evidence of the South's special militancy against totalitarianism. But in that railway station, among tired men, I kept coming back to the fact that the region which is the most anxious to risk the most aid in this battle for democracy over Britain is also the one in which eight states have poll-tax laws effectively denying the right of thousands of poor men, white and black, to any part in government by the people.

Like so many other American questions, the poll tax seems a good deal less important than it did before Hitler marched through the low countries to the coast opposite England. But if democracy is as much more important in the world as the increased use of the word indicates, it should still be important in America—certainly important in the region of America where sentiment is greatest for aid in a war in which democracy is supposed to be the leading issue that binds the cause of England to our hearts.

I want to know, even more than Mr. Ranger does, what is the meaning of the South's strong sentiment for aid. Democracy is loudly loved out of some strange mouths in the United States today, and not only in the South. But in the South as well as in the Senate, sometimes Senator Carter Glass of Virginia has seemed almost the most insistent of all democracy's rescuers and redeemers. Out of the side of his famous twisted mouth, he has spoken his meaning as clearly as a man can speak. He is not afraid of the risk of war, or, his manner suggests, of high water, hell fire, Hitler, or damnation. He is for kicking at this Hitler, immediately and directly.

And the diminutive, fragile-looking, rough-talking old man seems dramatic in his righteous anger. He is dramatic. And also at least a little depressing.

He is the man who, when he was younger, shouted, to the echoing cheers of Virginians, in support of the adoption of the poll tax he still upholds at home. It would keep the "darkies" out of politics, he told them, and would "not necessarily deprive a single white man of the ballot." Not necessarily! Actually, it not only disfranchised practically all of the Negroes in Virginia; it also denied—and still denies—the ballot to thousands of white Virginians who do not have a dollar and a half extra in their pockets six months before election day. In one year Virginia's representatives in Congress were elected by only 17.9 per cent of the potential voting strength, but in West Virginia, which has no such poll tax, the representatives were chosen by 76.9 per cent of the possible electorate. In the Presidential election of 1936, the average vote of the nation as a whole was 62 per cent of those of voting age, but in Virginia only 31 per cent of that group cast ballots. In 1940 Virginia ranked sixteenth among the states in population but twenty-ninth in the number of votes cast in the general election.

Thomas Jefferson's old Virginia is not alone in having poll taxes which effectually deny poor men, white and black, the right to vote. Seven other states in the South have such laws, and in them only one out of four persons normally casts a ballot; in other states almost three out of four of the adult population vote. It may be only coincidence that in the region where poor men are prevented by poll taxes from voting there are 11,000,000 people who are members of families with gross cash incomes of \$250 a year or less. For people with such incomes a poll tax is not a tax but a barrier to the ballot. It is still a sad coincidence that the South, which leads the whole land in the wish to aid in the war of democracy against totalitarianism, is alone in the use of such devices to prevent democracy at home.

I couldn't explain that to Mr. Ranger. I cannot satisfactorily explain it even to myself. But I do have the feeling, which I wish I could make convincing, that if we cannot trust democracy below the Potomac River, we are fools to hope to save it along the English Channel. And that is a truth, I think, Mr. Ranger, which applies to more things than poll taxes and to more places than the South.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Idea-Ida

I READ anything. I also read anywhere. My wife says. You read anything. Isabel, that is her name, also says, you read anywhere. But I do not read anything anywhere. Mostly at home I read novels. And oh yes poems. Many poems and some novels.

Of course that is what I do, in my office I read letters and reports and, I am a teacher, theses and dissertations. There is a difference. But you just are not a teacher.

Sometimes very often I forget where I am. Always it is not my fault.

My wife says.

What are you reading.

I say. Something I have to read.

In the subway and in elevators I read too. Not elevateds there are no more. Going vertical I gradually read faster then.

Sometimes people read over my shoulder. It does not often matter. Pretty soon mostly they get a shock.

I just do not read aloud.

Inside and outside I read to myself. Very gradually I earn a living reading to myself. Yes.

I met Ida on the subway. It looked as if it was sudden. Not really Ida, I met just Idea-Ida.

Other people met her also. They did not always recognize her. I could not help it. I said nothing.

That was in New York. I was married then but I would not go to live in Texas. Maybe in Idaho. Ida has lived in almost every state and only once I think in the state of sin.

Once upon a time Ida was a mountain in Asia Minor. Regularly from its top the Gods watched the Trojan War. This was not, was not altogether a bad idea. Only Gods can be isolationists. Gracefully. At the same once upon a time another Ida was a mountain in Crete. Idea-Ida.

Ida did not only not come from Asia Minor but she was always resting. Pretty soon she thought of the mountains of Montana. But she did not ever think of the mountains of Nebraska. And they were mostly twins.

Everybody was reading the same words. Not their words. Not always Ida's words. Sometimes they were Ida's words, sometimes they were Winnie's words. But always they were Gertrude's words.

Little words and easy words. Ten-year-old words like Helen Button used to use. Before she became Lady Helen Button. Nickel words was what the officer said. He was not wearing his uniform but he was an officer. Mostly very often the sentences were a different matter. They were easy at first like your first champagne. Later you pick up other sentences and the first ones hit you on the back of the head. My wife said once. You must not mix sentences. You know what happened the last time.

There we were reading all three of us. There were there I and two more. One got off, he was not an officer I do not

think. At least it would be a funny army. We two rested and read.

And then it happened, quite by accident, she did sit down next to me. I did not see her but I knew we were three again. That is the way my wife met Ida.

She got on at forty-second street.

Dear Ida.

Never again will I not be with Ida. Of course that is not what happened, I did not meet my wife through Ida. I knew her already. Well she did not know she was meeting me, neither did I. It is easy to make everybody see this. Only Ida knew. She always knew. Ida only smiled.

When I got home, she walks faster than I do, my wife was there already. Not then but later.

We were having tea and Isabel was telling me about Ida. She had met her on the subway. Already she felt better.

She asked, I always know about such things, when did Ida come out. I said, she is not old enough to come out yet.

Once upon a time in Matthew Mark Luke and John four was a woman of Samaria who had had five husbands and the one she had then was not her husband.

Maybe she was dear Ida. Only Ida had more. Ida is a book and a book well a book is well it is a book. Ida was one. Ida is at her best.

When she does not rest.

It got to be kind of a song. And when she talks about dogs. That is best of all.

Ida is the funniest girl I know. Ida is much funnier than my wife.

Thank you.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Mystery of War Morale

REPORT ON ENGLAND. By Ralph Ingersoll. Simon and Schuster. \$1.50.

WAR LETTERS FROM BRITAIN. Edited by Diana Forbes-Robertson and Roger W. Straus, Jr. Putnam. \$2.

ENGLAND'S HOUR. By Vera Brittain. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

OF the three books listed above the most important as news, as information likely to help Americans make decisions about policy, is Ralph Ingersoll's "Report on England." The publisher tells us that Mr. Ingersoll gathered the material and wrote the book in less than five weeks, and that it was printed and published in less than three. Such reporting does not allow much time for philosophizing and drawing conclusions, but is none the less indispensable in the kind of world we live in. The material is all useful, all interesting, and much of it extremely important.

As Mr. Sheean in his foreword points out, "War Letters from Britain" is a collection of letters representative of many types and classes, and written at all stages of the war, including its early inactive phase. Most, as he says, are the

unfeigned and unvarnished expressions of what their writers felt as the bombs fell around them. Though most are anonymous, names of many are given. The writers include Lady Diana Cooper, Alec Waugh, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, Edith Lytton, Helen Kirkpatrick, Leslie Banks, Sir Barry Jackson, Constance Spry, Leslie Stokes, John Carter, Ivor Brown, Anthony Guthrie, Joyce Reynolds, Rebecca West, John Gielgud, Stanley Lupino, to say nothing of commanders of cruisers, R. A. F. officers, women teachers, R. A. F. pilots, housekeepers, schoolboys, vicars, rectors, hotel managers, a clergyman's wife, business men, A. R. P. wardens, doctors . . .

Vera Brittain's book, "England's Hour," is much more ambitious than the other two and is described by the author herself as an attempt at a wartime variation of Priestley's "English Journey." The *Blitz*, however, compelled her to confine her observations for the most part to London. Into the observation of the external world about her is interjected the reflections of the pacifist, or mainly pacifist, author of "Testament of Youth."

Those whose nerves register even in the tiniest degree the rumbling of the earthquake which may transform the life of man upon the earth, read a book these days with one question at the back of their heads. How will it help to stir men to do the right thing; how far clear up the confusions of contrary counsel, help us to see the right path and, having chosen it, to stick to it?

None of these books leaves any doubt as to the dogged courage of the common people of Britain in this, their great ordeal. The testimony is so unanimous as to have become almost hackneyed. It is not for an English reviewer to enlarge upon it.

But certain questions arise. These books reveal an incredibly courageous people facing the risk of death and, what is much worse, of pain and mutilation; enduring long drawn-out discomfort, helplessness, and illness nightly in horrible surroundings, in caves and cellars and shelters; enduring all this not merely with patience, but with humor and good nature. In his foreword to "War Letters," Vincent Sheean tells how every day men and women go to their work at the accustomed hour, although they can be sure neither of arriving at their destination nor of finding it intact when they get there. "It is difficult to believe that any other people in Europe could endure what they are enduring," he says.

What conviction has sustained them through these fires of purgatory? In the years which preceded the war and even in the first months of the war, they did not seem to have any very passionate convictions for which they would be prepared to suffer martyrdom. Yet from the evidence of these books (confirmed recently by Mr. Willkie's testimony after his visit to Britain), and from the order of the events which brought Britain into the war, it is quite clear that this is a people's war. The impulse to end appeasement and resist Hitler's aggression came from below. Large conservative elements in the country were willing enough to continue making deals with Hitler. It is indeed this fact which renders the charge that this is an imperialist war absurd. It was the imperialist elements that for years avoided all risk of war, and the popular elements that forced resistance, that would have accepted the risks earlier, and by so doing might have

prevented actual war. In the past few years much literature of the Left has given the impression that the British people feel themselves oppressed and downtrodden. But the behavior described in these books belies this. We have been told that sound morale depends upon a revolutionary mood, upon giving the people a vision of a "new order." Yet the most revolutionary elements in England—the Communists—are precisely those who would join hands with the imperialists and make a peace of surrender.

It is curious in this connection to compare the British morale with the French and the German. In France a revolutionary attitude had been in some quarters assiduously cultivated for many years. (When the House of Commons had one Communist, the Chamber of Deputies had seventy-five.) But its effect was to deepen the rifts which split the country from top to bottom and make it impossible for a trade unionist to collaborate with a Conservative aristocrat, as in England, where a Churchill joins hands with a Bevin. As to morale in Germany—in no other country have promises of a new order been so lavishly made to the people; pushed with the cunning of an all-pervading propaganda machine; served up with the strong wine of conquests and victories without end. Yet, by the testimony of many good witnesses (Sebastian Haffner, among others, has recently analyzed the evidence most carefully), the Germans are gloomy while the British are cheerful, and, outside the Nazi party, seem not only unimpressed by the victories their leaders announce but burdened, despite the appearances of the moment, by a sense of ultimate defeat and disaster.

Most of the explanations offered for these contrasts seem inadequate; and this aspect of the war situation is worth more study than it seems to be getting. NORMAN ANGELL

China in Travail

THE BATTLE FOR ASIA. By Edgar Snow. Random House. \$3.75.

THIS book of Edgar Snow's is in many respects more notable than his "Red Star Over China." It presents not only the birth of a dynamic, new political movement but also the rebirth of a great and ancient people. Though it deals at length and in great detail with China's resistance to Japanese aggression and explains the nature of this resistance better, perhaps, than any other volume on China, it is concerned primarily with the struggle *within* China, with the birth-pangs of an emerging democracy, and is the first of the war volumes to give insight into the accentuated political strife that has continued despite the necessity for unity.

The book's revelations regarding internal conditions in China are of special interest in view of the recent conflict between Kuomintang troops and the New Fourth Route Army which ended in the destruction of the latter. Mr. Snow has two chapters on the New Fourth, and a great deal of his material on the political divisions within the Kuomintang provides background for the conflict.

The story of the finding of the "lost" Red Army—the one that had stayed behind in Kiangsi to cover the retreat of the main units at the beginning of the long march to the Northwest—is a dramatic one. The book goes on to describe how

this remnant of not more than five thousand hardened and experienced warriors became the nucleus of a "peoples' army" of forty thousand that was a constant trial to the Japanese. The phenomenal success of the New Fourth, like that of the Eighth Route Army, was the result of the effective organization of the entire population for resistance. Lacking supplies or an industrial base for the creation of supplies, the New Fourth had to organize mobile industry throughout the area—an industry that could be quickly picked up and moved in case of a Japanese attack. Although possessing no medical service at all and receiving no aid from the Central Government, it developed "what was probably the best army medical organization in China," used alike by the army and civilians in the area. This helped in enlisting the sympathy and support of the local population, a task that proved particularly difficult for the New Fourth because, in contrast to the Eighth, it could not disturb the political organization of the countryside and was thus precluded from winning the peasants by political and agrarian reforms.

The achievement of the New Fourth in mobilizing the masses and achieving the beginnings of democracy, in face of great obstacles, is contrasted sharply with the backwardness, lack of military efficiency, and political backbiting that characterized the areas under Kuomintang control. The government, Snow declares, "wavered between wanting to be known as a democracy and wanting to be a dictatorship." Little or nothing was done to train or mobilize the tens of millions of farmers in the heart of the nation. Workers were denied the right to organize. Relations between the soldiers

and the village population were often bad. As a result of the failure to enlist the masses, an appalling amount of machinery and raw materials was allowed to fall into the hands of the Japanese when the coastal areas were evacuated. And in the political area traitors were permitted to "maneuver quite openly for the betrayal of a whole nation" while Chinese Communists, the backbone of resistance to Japan, were denied all except the most nominal political influence.

Not content with throttling the Communist armies by failure to provide arms, medical supplies, or material support, right-wing Kuomintang leaders formed a War Areas Party and Political Affairs Commission to eradicate the anti-Japanese movement led by the Communists behind the enemy lines. Long before the recent outbreaks, factions in the Central Army and the Kuomintang sabotaged the Eighth Route and New Fourth Route Armies in ways which, according to Snow, would be called fifth columnism elsewhere. Incidents multiplied so rapidly during 1940 "that progressive people everywhere half feared that the Kuomintang might abandon the effort against Japan and concentrate on what appeared to be its main interest: a renewed civil war against 'the Reds.'" In all this Chiang Kai-shek seemed powerless. For contrary to the common impression, Chiang's dictatorship is shown to be of a different type from Hitler's or Il Duce's. He does not have as much authority as the American President but holds power "by focusing in himself a combination of loyalties from disparate political groups."

Further evidence of the fear of democracy among the ruling clique is shown in the history of the Chinese industrial cooperatives with which Mr. and Mrs. Snow have been closely identified from the beginning. At first, proposals for the formation of cooperatives to utilize refugee labor and provide mobile industry in the interior sections of the country met with almost universal skepticism or opposition. And had it not been for the active sponsorship of the British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Kerr Clark-Kerr, who introduced the idea to Chiang Kai-shek, it is probable that the government never would have taken up what has proved one of the really great constructive ideas of recent history.

Yet with all its blunders China has managed to stave off the powerful Japanese war machine. That this has been done in spite of the ruling bureaucracy is shown in scores of illustrations scattered through the book. The Japanese attack has forged unity against the will of the warlords and politicians who thrive on disunity. But as yet, Snow estimates, not a third of the human and material resources of China have been mobilized. He asserts that with full democratic mobilization it would be possible to release at least another million rifles for use on the front line that are now being used to enforce property and money rights. And he fears that the slowness with which China has adopted necessary basic reforms may still, even now, permit a Japanese victory.

Fortunately Japan is rent with its own internal weaknesses, and it has committed even greater blunders of strategy and tactics. And with the signing of the tripartite alliance the struggle ceased to be confined, even chiefly, to China and Japan. The primary attention of the Japanese has already been turned against the outposts of the West in the Pacific. America may be drawn in. The chief question is whether it will be involved in the defense of the undemocratic concepts

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VERSAILLES 20 YEARS AFTER

By PAUL BIRDSALL

Professor of History, Williams College

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of empire, or whether it will take its stand with those who, in China and elsewhere, are seeking to build a truer democracy than any which now exists. If this book receives half the attention it deserves, it should help us greatly in recognizing our true interests in Asia. MAXWELL S. STEWART

Religious Humorist

THE CASTLE. By Franz Kafka. Translated by Edwin and Willa Muir. Preface by Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

FRANZ KAFKA MISCELLANY. Twice a Year Press. \$2.

FEW reviewers were able to gauge the true worth of "The Castle"—the novel that ranks highest in the Kafka canon—when it was first brought out in this country some ten years ago. At the time, and even as late as 1937, when "The Trial" was published, it was primarily Kafka's mystifications rather than his pattern of meaning and basic motives that aroused interest. Readers were astonished by him but not quite convinced. Since then his has become a name to conjure with; a number of closely reasoned and elaborate studies of his work have appeared both here and abroad; and everywhere the more sensitive younger writers, conscious of the static condition of the prevailing naturalistic techniques and seeking a creative renewal through mythic and symbolic conceptions, have taken his example to heart. There seems no longer any doubt of Kafka's importance as a metaphysical novelist or, from the standpoint of method, of his originality as an innovator. It can be said that he succeeded in demonstrating the power of reality precisely by exposing its unreality. By combining within one framework a conscientiously empirical reproduction of the recognizable world and a dreamlike and magical dissolution of it, he achieved a new mutation in the art of prose fiction.

In its lucidity and uncommon penetration into the Kafka problem, Thomas Mann's preface to the new edition of "The Castle" more than meets the occasion. Characterizing its author as a religious humorist, he writes of this novel that "never has the divine, the superhuman, been observed and experienced with stranger, more daring, more comic expedients, with more inexhaustible psychological riches, both sacrilegious and devout, than in this story of an incorrigible believer, so needing grace . . . that he even tries to encompass it by stratagems and wiles." He rightly notes that like his own Tonio Kröger, K., Kafka's hero, yearns for the "blisses of the commonplace." Yet it should be remarked that K.'s estrangement from humanity is of a nature radically different from the artist-loneliness of Mann's patrician character, whom the high cultural differentiation of modern society has raised to a plane so remote from the normal and the average that he cannot but fear the peculiar dangers and temptations of his isolated state. This is alienation from above, whereas the alienation of K. is from below. K.'s extremity is absolute; he belongs nowhere; he is recognized neither by the human community nor by the divine law. The protagonists of Mann's fictions still move within the world of assured place and privilege; they are people who have the capacity to grow and change, and their behavior can still be accounted for in terms of their individual traits and par-

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ticular social background. In *K.*, on the other hand, one can already see the end of the long development of the hero in the European novel. He personifies the transformation of the idea of the hero into the idea of the victim, whose fate no longer issues from his own self-assertive acts but from the abstract, enigmatic relations that bend him to their impersonal will.

Precisely because the Hegelian-Marxist concept of alienation illuminates so much that is puzzling in one's initial encounter with Kafka, it is a pity that Harry Slochower should have seen fit to turn it into small change—in the usual manner of the mechanical and vulgar Marxists—by introducing all kinds of political references and associations, topical and otherwise, into his essay in the "Franz Kafka Miscellany." He describes the author of "The Castle" as a "pre-fascist exile," and the editors of this collection of writings by and on Kafka have obviously thought so much of Mr. Slochower's meaningless phrase that they have reproduced it as a secondary title on the cover of the book, where it passes as a statement of fact instead of as the mere notion that it really is. Mr. Slochower is so intent on a class analysis that he reads into *K.*'s conduct non-existent revolutionary motives and into Kafka's work as a whole a variety of responses to the political situation of his time. To my mind, this interpretation is as fatuous as it is blind to the actual qualities of Kafka's temper and vision.

As for the rest, this volume makes available excerpts from Kafka's diaries and letters, as well as the last three chapters of "The Castle," which are not included in either the first or the second English edition. Unfortunately, the translations from the German by Miss Sophie Prombaum are far from adequate. She lacks the sure touch of the Muirs, who have rendered an invaluable service to letters by their impeccable versions of Kafka's subtle, judicious, and ironically conservative style.

PHILIP RAHV

African Cocktail

BEHIND GOD'S BACK. By Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

NEGLEY FARSON has shaken a bumper cocktail which ought to stimulate his numerous admirers without causing them mental indigestion. Its well-blended ingredients include almost everything you might expect to find in a book about Africa. There are descriptions of scenery—the dessicated lands of South West Africa, the lakes of the Great Rift Valley and their attendant mountains, the Congo jungle. The trials and triumphs of a journey in a Ford along the line of the equator are interspersed with a modest amount of big game hunting. Mr. Farson shows a commendable restraint in tipping the Darkest Africa bottle but he does include a few pages on native sex customs and a brief account of the gruesome activities of the Leopard Men.

All these things add to the color and flavor of the book, but its real kick, for one reviewer at any rate, comes from the political reporting that is the basis of the mixture. To be sure, it is reporting of an impressionistic kind, omitting much significant detail and lacking documentation. Nevertheless, it does throw light on many of the problems which any

scheme of post-war reconstruction must attempt to solve. And it should serve the useful purpose of discouraging generalizations about Africa both by those who sum up the whole continent in the phrase "imperialist exploitation" and by those who think in terms of "the white man's burden."

In the course of his extensive wanderings in Africa shortly before the war broke out, Mr. Farson covered four of the former German colonies now under mandates. In all he found evidence of a good deal of effort by the governing authorities to meet the terms of their trusts. In South West Africa and Tanganyika he saw few signs of discrimination against the German settlers even though they were completely organized by the Nazis and barely concealed the fact that they were working for a return to the Fatherland. He reports a number of illuminating conversations with German officials and planters and gives an interesting account of the way in which Berlin controlled the export sales of its nationals.

In Tanganyika the chief complaints against the rule of the British mandatory authorities came from British settlers who asserted that practically nothing had been done to open up the country. Everywhere Mr. Farson met criticism of the official native policy. "Every man jack in this government is a Negrophile," one disgruntled British settler told him. "They love the natives; they resent the white man. They want to keep us away."

This seems to me good evidence that the Colonial Office is not dispensing pious eyewash when it talks of the paramountcy of native interests in Tanganyika. It refuses to permit alienation of the land by Europeans. It seeks to preserve tribal organization, leaving local administration largely in the hands of the chiefs. This is the method of "indirect rule" which Mr. Farson found in a still more highly developed form in Uganda. As a way of government it does not consort with rapid progress—in the western sense—with efficient exploitation of resources. But from the native point of view there is much to be said for British "lack of initiative." Any attempt to modernize Africa in a hurry must lead to a proletarianization of the Negroes such as can be witnessed in its bitterest form in the Union of South Africa. Hitler might bring efficiency to Africa but the Africans know that they would be the victims and not the beneficiaries. They have not forgotten the wholesale massacres of the Hereroes in South West Africa and of the coastal tribes in Tanganyika. Everywhere, Mr. Farson reports, "the educated African is frightened of Germany. Hitler's constant ranting about racial superiority has chilled the Africans with the fear . . . of what he would do to them."

In the Belgian Congo, Mr. Farson found big business and government cooperating in a kind of totalitarian colonial rule mitigated only by absence of strong racial feelings and by an enlightened selfishness in matters of health and housing. The ugly head of monopoly also appears in his account of the Gold Coast where the natives left in possession of the land have industriously built up a great cocoa export industry. Control of their market, however, is in the hands of a European combine of buyers whose attempt to beat down prices led to a prolonged strike by native planters shortly before Mr. Farson arrived on the scene.

This is a long book and it is only possible in the course of a review to touch on a few of the topics with which it

deals. But I should like to mention some of Mr. Farson's gallery of African portraits: Major Hahn, who guides 117,000 Ovamboes under "indirect rule" without the aid or need of one policeman or soldier; Kennedy, the taciturn Scotch fighter of the tsetse fly; Commandant Hubert, the intolerably fearless Belgian who threw mud at a hippo to make him move out of the way; Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor of the Gold Coast, who represents the British colonial service at its best. They are among the highlights of a piece of reporting which can be recommended as both entertaining and informative.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Search for the Past

RANDOM HARVEST. By James Hilton. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

MR. HILTON makes his bid for the winter trade with another bang-up story, headed straight for the public's heart and doubtless for the movies. Though it boasts no glittering Shangri-La or ivied preparatory school, it placates the scenery men with a palatial old English country seat, for which the producers might well use the set they so short-sightedly burned down in the last scene of "Rebecca."

Charles Rainier, whom we first see as a distinguished and graying member of Parliament, lost his memory in the first World War and regains it at the beginning of the present conflict—or rather, he suffers two separate lapses: first, his recovery from shell shock leaves him with complete amnesia and, since his identification has been lost, no clue as to who he is; then, a year later, a minor street accident restores his memory of everything that led up to a certain disastrous moment in a shell-crater in France but blots out all the happenings of the year immediately preceding. In other words, Rainier, who except for this unfortunate inability to account for all of his life is something of an admirable Crichton, finds his recollections divided into three airtight compartments, only two of which are open to him at any given time; and the chief burden of the novel is his attempt, with the assistance of his secretary, who is the narrator, to break down the walls between these compartments. A fascinating problem with infinite possibilities for complications, it is worked out ingeniously, if a little too facily, and to the accompaniment of England's 1939 declaration of war (the directors will love that!) all the pieces of the puzzle fall into their proper places in a happy and not altogether unexpected denouement.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Aesthetics as Science

THE STRUCTURE OF ART. By Carl Thurston. The University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

THIS book might serve as a text on the typical biases of the American mind: its positivism, its unwillingness to speculate, its eagerness for quick results, and its optimism. Mr. Thurston proposes that aesthetics be treated as a science rather than as a branch of philosophy, and its theories as working hypotheses of which the most that can be hoped is a high degree of probability instead of final certainty. Re-



"GIVE SANCTUARY TO THESE"

Eric G. Muggeridge, Director, is given a warm welcome as he returns with two children who lost their homes due to bombardments.

Dear Friends:

The following is a cable received from J. B. Priestley, Chairman of the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, in England.

London, England

"WILL YOU PLEASE DO ALL YOU CAN TO FIND SUPPORT FOR 70 TINY TOTS WHO WERE RESCUED FROM EAST LONDON AND OTHER HARD HIT AREAS AND ARE BEING CARED FOR IN OUR CONVERTED COUNTRY HOUSE IN SAFE REGION IN HEREFORDSHIRE STOP MY WIFE IN CHARGE AND EAGER TO CARE FOR MANY MORE TODDLERS WHO ARE WAITING EVACUATION TO US ONCE WE CAN TAKE THEM PLEASE DO NOT DELAY HELP."

(Signed) J. B. Priestley

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children maintains and operates "Sanctuaries" in safe pastoral regions all over England, for children of all nationalities made homeless by bombardments. Funds are needed to carry on the "Sanctuaries." Funds are needed for food, clothing and the many other requirements to make life comfortable for children separated from their parents as a result of the war.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. The aim of the Plan is to give to children beside shelter, food and clothing, a homelike atmosphere and loving care. All monies are cashed through the Chase National Bank of New York to our account in London and pass through the hands of no other committee. No amount is too small. Will you help, please?

Edna Blue—Executive Chairman, American Committee.

The following is an extract from a letter from Eric G. Muggeridge, Director of our work in England:

"We would like to send this message to friends in America. Whether or not we have an air-raid shelter or a gas mask or anything man has made to combat the death that is being rained upon us—we do have a REAL shelter. The guns may go on firing, shrapnel falling and bombs bursting—but the house of our children has a door of no fabric which can be crushed—it is a door made of human thoughts—human ideals, and each child that passes in passes to the warm shelter and protection of the realities of an ideal where it may dwell in the loving care that is extended to the children. You, our friends in America, have helped to create this atmosphere for the children."

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stricting himself to the investigation of the "spatial" arts which do not involve actual movement, he illustrates a possible scientific method for the use of aesthetics in general. He begins by assuming that the basic "ingredients" of the spatial arts are visual units, empty space, and the human being who perceives them. These "generate" four sets of relationships, which in turn form the "elements" of the spatial arts: "(1) . . . between visible shapes, (2) between such shapes and the space within and around them, (3) between such shapes and whatever space falls within their spheres of influence and the human observer and (4) relationships developed within the personality of this observer by contact with a work of art." Using these relationships as his working hypothesis and as far as possible analyzing his material in their terms, the author attempts to extract the norms of successful practice and appreciation in the arts of decoration, architecture, sculpture, and painting. He animadverts constantly upon the philosophizers of aesthetics who try to explain everything by deduction from a single theory, and is quite willing, when he comes upon something which resists analysis in his terms, to resort to a plurality of hypotheses. This confuses the reader at times and seriously weakens the coherence of Mr. Thurston's arguments. On the other hand, the author's attention to the concrete contexts in which the artist and the observer work, his respect for the minutiae of art, are refreshing and illuminating. His statement of the "variables" and "invariables" with which the artist must operate points out a path for much rewarding inquiry in the future. And he resolves with far more success than I have seen elsewhere the problem of balance in the

graphic arts, restating it as a matter of spheres of attraction emanating from visual points governed by the two "variables" of distance and inherent interest.

But even in an elementary way, Mr. Thurston does not clear up as much as he promises. It is not only that his treatment of theoretical questions is sketchy: some of his unobtrusive generalizations are rash without being imaginative. In fact, they are rashly academic; for example, that "fuzziness of outline" in woodcuts is as a "general style of treatment . . . fatal." Mr. Thurston is practical above all else, and he is interested in results. That which has worked in the past, he implies, must work always. But art can get away with anything. Lord help it if it is ever deterred by statistical norms of success such as those Mr. Thurston comes dangerously close at times to establishing. His book would have been much more valuable if he had shown himself more aware of what a ticklish question norms in art is.

Nor does the application of Mr. Thurston's hypothetical method serve greatly to resolve the focal problem with which the philosophizers of aesthetics have occupied themselves so far: Why does art affect us as it does? In his conclusion, where he faces the question formally and more frankly, his answers are borrowed from philosophers.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

Lars Moën's "Under the Iron Heel"

Reviewed by Pierre Van Paassen

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Edited by ALFRED BINGHAM & SELDEN RODMAN

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IN BRIEF

THE BROKEN SPAN. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. Norfolk, Conn. \$1.

With this group of poems by Dr. Williams, New Directions inaugurates its series "The Poet of the Month." Since the poems range in date of composition from 1915 to the present, they serve to remind us of their origin in Imagism, but they also remind us that if Dr. Williams had the sharp and undeflected gaze that Imagism demanded, he had as well something almost all the earlier Imagists lacked—an insatiable curiosity for the common concerns of mankind. His vision has been deliberately limited to Rutherford, New Jersey, and what he has seen there has been so rewarding in its humanity that it has made him apparently unaware of what is missing. He has, better than anyone else, made his anti-poetic observations serve his poet's needs. Consequently he has spanned the years unbroken.

LOVE AND NEED. Collected Poems 1918-1940. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. The Viking Press. \$3.

These poems, compiled for the most part from the contents of four published volumes, are interesting less in themselves than as a record of the life of a woman, articulate, romantic, ecstatic, and yet through it all domestically possessed.

THE GLASS-BLOWER AND OTHER POEMS. By Jan Struther. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

Occasional verses, always light and at times exquisite, of a writer whose prose has recently enjoyed popularity. For substance they depend on a personality of some charm.

THE GHOST IN THE UNDER-BLOW'S. By Alfred Young Fisher. The Ward Ritchie Press. Los Angeles. \$6.

A poem of great length which has been highly praised by some critics who have been, I think, taken in by its pretentiousness. It has good lines, which seem better than they are when detached from the poems in which they appear. To make his text the author has unfortunately combined the emotional disorder of dithyrambic prophecy with the logical disorder of free association. There is a structure of sorts; a not-too-close analogy is maintained between the author's contemporary thoughts and the contents of some of the books of the

Old Testament. But the structure is not strong enough to sustain this much over-weighted meditation on mortality.

IN PLATO'S GARDEN. Poems 1928-1939. By Lincoln Fittell. Published by Alan Swallow, Albuquerque, New Mexico. \$1.

Poems of excellent promise but uneven accomplishment. There is scarcely a poem without its good lines; there is scarcely one that comes satisfactorily to a close.

THE CLOSED DOOR. By Ronald MacDonald Douglas. Modern Age Books. \$2.50.

If you are sleeping too well these nights in spite of the war and all, try this novel about what happened to a young servant girl in a Scottish insane asylum, whither she had been driven by the self-righteous nagging of her Calvinist grandfather. Told in the first person by the naive, not-too-bright girl, it is a highbrow horror story convincing enough to turn your blood to butter-milk. In fact, it sounds like any one of a dozen recent stories about Nazi concentration camps, simply transferred to a new setting.

DRAMA

Sentimental Comedy

SENTIMENT—as well as sentimentality—is probably no less prevalent today than it has been in the past, but contemporary playwrights have a way of disguising it, even from themselves. That is probably why most of the reviewers seem to have been a little bit embarrassed by the unabashed appeal for the tender smile and the furtive tear made by Miss Rose Franken's "Claudia" at the Booth Theater.

The author will be remembered as responsible for "Another Language," one of the big hits of the season nine years ago, and her manner has not essentially changed. Though her action moves rather slowly and rather carefully after the fashion of the conventionally well-made play it is managed skilfully, and the dialogue—indisputably Miss Franken's strong point—is easy, graceful, and genuinely amusing. Probably there is no reason why she could not, if she really tried, write drawing-room comedy of the usual sort. But she seems definitely to prefer a story and a theme which will involve a pathetic situation to be solved by everybody's being

"good" in that special way which generates the mood of sentiment.

It is not that she completely avoids "modern" problems. "Another Language," if I remember correctly, concerned the rebellion of an artistic and sensitive child against the tyranny of a conventional mother. In "Claudia" she presents the story, provided with mild but unmistakable Freudian overtones, of a child-wife who, because she still thinks of herself as her mother's child, cannot grow up either intellectually or emotionally. But though this situation is presented in purely comic terms and might be solved in the same terms, Miss Franken prefers to switch over to pathos. The mother, it is discovered, is about to die of cancer and her daughter reaches maturity when she realizes that she must now be brave for her mother's sake.

This is hardly the time to go over again the reasons why good critics usually dislike—and large audiences frequently delight in—comedies which find their final solution in pathos. The mixture is often felt to be less legitimate even than the mixture of comedy with tragedy for the simple reason that while the two latter must at least be sharply discriminated, the mood produced by the pathetic in comedy is likely to be an ambiguous one—as the result of which tears and other outward signs of distress are actually accompaniments of a warm glow of self-satisfaction thoroughly enjoyed by the spectator, who is more aware of himself and his good heart than he is of the sufferings of any fictitious hero.

It seems, however, quite unnecessary to bring any big critical guns into action against so pleasant and unpretentious a little play as "Claudia" turns out to be. I enjoyed it myself and I suspect that it will be given a substantial run by others who will enjoy it even more. This effect will be produced, I imagine, by three almost equally significant fac-

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tors: (1) the play's virtues; (2) its defects; (3) an excellently directed performance by a uniformly good cast which includes Frances Starr as the mother and, as the child-wife, Dorothy McGuire, a very young ingenue not well known to Broadway but of unmistakable charm.

"Out of the Frying Pan" (Wind-or Theater) is described as "a new comedy" but is actually a wild and woolly farce about a group of young would-be actors living together (but not in sin) while rehearsing a play. Part of the intention is evidently to achieve something of the speed and recklessness of a George Abbot farce but there are moments which, on the contrary, suggest merely the class-day comedy. The very guilelessness of the writing and the youthful enthusiasm of the action are somehow ingratiating and the whole thing is amusing enough if one is willing to take it in the right spirit.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

THE artistic resources of voice, of personal emotion, of specifically musical feeling that Lotte Lehmann brought to the singing of Schubert's "Winterreise" cycle for the New Friends of Music were, as always, deeply affecting—and this, as always, whether what she did with a song seemed right or wrong. Right and wrong, in this matter, have to do with scale—the scale on which emotion is embodied in form in a sonnet of Shakespeare as compared with his dramatic blank verse, in a song of Schubert as compared with an operatic aria. It is wrong to speak the sonnet as though it were the blank verse; and Lehmann often loads emotion on the song to the point where its physical shape is distorted. One is, then, moved by the intensity that communicates itself through her singing of the last phrases of "Die Krähe"; but at the same time one is aware that this intensity is distorting the phrases almost grotesquely; and one is aware also that the voice is being forced into unlovely sounds. It is to quiet songs like "Das Wirtshaus" and "Die Nebensonnen" that her emotion gives forms which are unforgettable musical experiences.

There was a similar but better controlled intensity of feeling and expression, utilizing a voice that is still powerful and rich, in Kipnis's singing of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle at his recent recital. And a little of this in-

tensity was something one wished for in Marian Anderson's singing of Gluck, Handel, and Schubert, to liven up phrasing that was in placid good taste (what little life there was in the music was put there by Franz Rupp at the piano). The voice, one noted, was lovely in soft high notes and superb in powerful low notes, but threadbare and afflicted with tremolo in between.

To get back to the New Friends concerts: Roger Sessions's String Quartet conveyed to me nothing beyond command of the medium. The work was played by the reconstituted Gordon Quartet with better tone and phrasing than I ever heard from the old group. The Primrose Quartet and Benar Heifetz gave a polished performance of Schubert's Quintet Op. 163 that stayed pretty much on the surface of the work; and I arrived in time for only the last of the Schubert songs sung by Mack Harrell, whose fine voice sounded constricted. Pinza's voice and phrasing were not such as to make Brahms's Four Serious Songs appear more impressive than they are; and the Metropolitan Trio did not measure up to Schubert's Trio Op. 99.

A seat on the extreme side behind the drums and brass and chorus did not permit me to get an extensive notion of the Metropolitan's production of Gluck's "Alceste" beyond the fact that Rose Bampton, who sang the title role on this occasion, sang it with beauty of voice and phrasing. The music is beautiful, expressive, noble, but even-paced to a degree that must make it monotonous and boring to many hearers. Of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," however, I can report that the production is one huge romp by Salvatore Baccaloni, the company's new basso buffo. This is hardly a way of doing justice to the work; but it is a way of covering up the fact that justice is not being done to it; and in a situation where the music is given with none of the lightness and sharpness that would make it count for something one is glad to have even Signor Baccaloni romping hugely throughout the evening. On the other hand the Metropolitan's production of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" is something put together out of less than perfect elements, but with care; something achieved, moreover, with precision and finish; something that gives a large measure of effect to the unending wonders of the greatest work in the Metropolitan's repertory.

Having heard Mitropoulos with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony I

am inclined to believe that in the newly issued Columbia set of Franck's Symphony which he made with the Minneapolis Orchestra (Set 436, \$5.50) the excessive loudness of the English horn in the second-movement solo is due to the same poor recording-technique that gives us things like the marked step-up in volume and brilliance from the second side of the set to the third. On the other hand the introductory passage for plucked strings and harp, in the second movement, is marked *p* with a swell in the fifth measure; and it is Mitropoulos who converts this into *pp* with an explosion to *f* that is excessive for the degree of emotional intensification implied in the upward curve of the theme in the fifth measure. And it is Mitropoulos who pauses for an extra quarter at the end of the first measure of the first movement, and again at the end of the second measure, chopping off from each other the parts of what is when allowed to take its course, a continuous sequence. But to allow music to take its course is precisely the thing Mitropoulos cannot do: there is in his performance a constant interference with the course of the music, a constant manipulation; and not only is there no sense for anything in the music beyond physical sound to be manipulated, but there is no sense for plastic proportion and continuity—in sonority and pace—in the mere sound.

What Mitropoulos does is an exaggeration to the point of caricature of what Furtwängler does, with the further differences that come from the fact that Furtwängler is a far more gifted conductor and musician. In his performances the plastic disproportions and discontinuities are mainly those of pace: for example, in the new Victor set of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony that he made with the Berlin Philharmonic (Set 553, \$6.50) one hears in the first movement characteristically over-deliberate tempos followed characteristically by disproportionate accelerations; and in that respect the more straightforward Ormandy version is preferable. But in that respect, I must add, this Furtwängler performance offends only a little; and it offers examples of sensitive phrasing and beautiful finish that are the measure of his superiority to Ormandy: in the third movement, for example, one hears a clarity and refinement of texture that one does not hear on the Ormandy record. And this, I think, is one of the instances where Furtwängler benefits by superior recording.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Bergson and Vichy

Dear Sirs: A belated Paris dispatch to the *New York Times* mentions that at the funeral of the French philosopher Henri Bergson (he died January 4), Ambassador de Brinon represented the Vichy government, Paul Valéry the French Academy, and adds that the Vichy Ministry of Education was also represented. Previous dispatches reported a tribute paid to the late Henri Bergson by his pupil Jacques Chevalier, professor of philosophy of the Grenoble University, who was recently appointed General Secretary of the French Ministry of Education in Vichy.

Whatever grudge one may bear against Vichy for its endeavors gradually to direct French thought toward the orbit of the "new order" expounded in Berlin, fairness to France demands unbiased comment on these dispatches.

Bergson was unquestionably the greatest French philosopher of the last fifty years. A Jew, he was in principle affected by the new anti-Jewish laws of the Vichy government. Nevertheless, Jacques Chevalier, a member of the Administration, stressed at the time of Bergson's death, Bergson's wide contribution to the renaissance of French thought. The presence, at the funeral, of François de Brinon, who as Vichy ambassador to occupied France has the sad duty of being agreeable to the invader, is even more encouraging. And the sending, by the French Education Ministry, of a representative to the ceremony further indicates Vichy's intention to continue honoring Bergson as one of France's spiritual leaders.

Edmund Husserl's position in Germany was analogous to that of Bergson in France. They were of the same age. Their teaching covered the same period, and Husserl's influence on German philosophy was as great as that of Bergson on French. Husserl was the father of phenomenological philosophy, on which all contemporary German philosophers, including the Nazis, have been reared. Like Henri Bergson, he was a Jew. But post-1933 Germans did not treat him as the Vichy authorities are now treating Bergson.

At the *Congrès Descartes* (International Congress of Philosophy held in Paris in 1937), of which Henry Bergson was honorary president, the German delegation of Nazi philosophers

demanding the exclusion of Husserl (who was not present) from the Committee of International Congresses of Philosophy, of which he had been a member for many years. The demand aroused such scorn that it was not even considered.

Husserl, who fled to Czechoslovakia after Hitler came into power, died there obscurely in 1938. Though his death was mourned outside Germany, within the Reich not a voice was raised to pay tribute to his philosophy. And a few weeks before the German invasion of Belgium, his eighty-year-old widow arrived in Brussels bringing, as her only earthly belongings, her late husband's treasured papers and manuscripts.

All this makes one thoughtful, illustrating as it does the gulf which divides, and always will divide, Latin civilization and German Kultur. France may be crushed materially, politically, and even morally. But the love of the spirit for the spirit's sake, will live there forever—a love of the spirit still shown by the very French government that is at the same time ousting Jews from places of learning.

Two more recent dispatches from Vichy give further weight to my claim that German pressure is in no way affecting French culture. The first, dated January 19, states that in both occupied and unoccupied France newspapers continue to publish long articles on Bergson, hailing him as "a great Frenchman." The dispatch adds that even anti-Semitic papers, such as *Candide*, are joining in the chorus of praise. The second, dated January 23, relates that the first January meeting of the *Académie Française* was held in honor of Bergson's memory. Paul Valéry delivered a eulogy.

BETTY BARZIN

New York, February 17

'76 and H.R. 1776

Dear Sirs: The undersigned members of the Descendants of the American Revolution have resigned from the organization, because of the undemocratic procedure of its National Executive Committee. This body has passed a resolution calling for the defeat of the Lease-Lend bill (H.R. 1776) in the name of the organization, without polling the members to learn their attitude toward this important measure, which directly affects our foreign as well as our do-

mestic policy. The signers of this letter have varying opinions on the Lease-Lend bill, but are at one in regarding the action of the National Executive Committee as an infringement on the rights of the entire membership.

HELENA L. T. BAILIE, *National Treasurer*; HELEN TUFTS BAILIE, *member, National Council, Samuel Adams Chapter, Boston*; MRS. J. ANTON DE HAAS, *Samuel Adams Chapter, Boston*; REV. E. TALLMADGE ROOT, *Samuel Adams Chapter, Boston*; ELIZABETH HULING, *member National Council, Nathan Hale Chapter, New York*; MRS. SHERWOOD ANDERSON, BRUCE BLIVEN, BRUCE BLIVEN, JR., JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, MARY WARE DENNETT, FRED A. KIRCHWEY, HARRY A. OVERSTREET, ELIOT D. PRATT.

New York, February 18

Is Waller Guilty?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Virginius Dabney, writing on the Odell Waller case in your issue of February 8, says "there is nothing anywhere therein (in the defense literature) to inform the public that Waller shot Davis twice in the back, when Davis, according to uncontradicted witnesses, was unarmed."

It is true the medical testimony shows that Davis had two wounds in the back. It also shows that he had one wound on the right side of the head and one in the arm. The only reasonable deduction from other testimony and the physical facts is that Waller first shot Davis while Davis was facing him, hitting him in the right side of the head and in the arm; that either the shock of these bullets whirled Davis around, or Davis turned in attempting to escape, and was then shot twice in the back. The only testimony that Waller first fired at Oscar Davis when Davis's back was turned is the testimony of an eighteen-year-old colored boy, Henry Davis, then employed by Oscar Davis and still employed by his family, and who, prior to the trial, refused to talk to the defense at all. His entire testimony is incredible and gives every appearance of being coached.

Likewise, the testimony of "uncontradicted witnesses" that Oscar Davis was unarmed, is open to suspicion. This testimony is that of the same Henry Davis, and of Oscar Davis's wife and

two sons. These obviously were not impartial witnesses, and even the judge expressed his doubts as to the testimony of the two sons in other respects. Furthermore, the question is not whether Oscar Davis was actually armed, but whether Waller had reasonable grounds for believing him to be armed. Waller's testimony shows that he had every reason so to believe.

No one can read the record in the Waller case, unsatisfactory as it is, without coming to the conclusion that the same poll tax jury which sentenced Waller, a Negro sharecropper, to the electric chair, would, on the same evidence, have either found a white landowner not guilty on the ground he shot in self-defense, or would, at most, have found him guilty of manslaughter.

JOHN F. FINERTY

New York, February 10

Workers in White

Dear Sirs: The problems of the white-collar class of workers have received considerable attention but somehow the particular grievances of hospital laboratory workers have been overlooked. My position is that of a laboratory technician. I have always been fortunate in securing work and in retaining my job. However, the wage-and-hour scale in this kind of work is unsatisfactory.

The requirements for members of our profession are high. Generally, it is necessary to have a degree, or at least three years of college education, plus a year of specialized hospital training. Yet our wage scale, as a rule, begins at \$50 a month with partial maintenance, and goes up to a maximum of \$125 a month, which is rarely exceeded.

Dismissing the wage grievance for a moment, let us consider the question of the number of hours employees are required to work. In many cases the laboratory worker has a minimum-maximum hour scale of fifty-two to sixty hours per week. This may include a "split shift" or may require Sunday work. Often both the split shift and the Sunday work are required. Twenty-four-hour service in this field may well be necessary, but a sufficient number of employees should be engaged so that the burden is distributed.

When men and women who accept responsibility for human lives are pushed around and broken in spirit, the efficiency of a hospital is reduced. How can there be maximum cooperation when the employees work with the knowledge that their maximum efforts

will not give them sufficient security to maintain a home and family? Why should so important a sector of our modern scheme be stripped of the right to a normal existence?

The Wagner Act does not extend to our group, and but few states have a "Baby Wagner Act" which protects workers not engaged in interstate commerce. Since we are therefore unable to organize effectively, our sole hope is to acquaint the public with the actual salaries and living conditions of hospital employees.

F. LOUIS

Chicago, February 15

Catholic Laborites

Dear Sirs: While the members of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists who read Richard H. Rovere's article (Labor's Catholic Bloc) in *The Nation* for January 4 were naturally pleased by your contributor's commendation of work done by the A. C. T. U., they were surprised at his sinister implications.

Mr. Rovere implied that information from Protestant and Jewish unionists led him to believe that non-Catholic unionists were planning to organize their own religious groups as a defense against a "Catholic bloc" in unionism. Never in our four years' activity in New York and sixteen other cities have we heard of any such development. On the contrary, both Jewish and Protestant unionists, after being aided by us, or working with us in reforming some union, expressed the wish that they had a similar association for unionists of their own religion. Their attitude was one of admiration, not suspicion.

Secondly, Mr. Rovere makes it appear that A. C. T. U. members in the Newspaper Guild played both ends against the middle in the battle over "party-line" following. A. C. T. U. members in the Guild have consistently supported organization drives, and just as consistently, as soon as the Communist issue was brought into the open, opposed Communist maneuvers. There were Catholics in the Guild administration camp, but these were not active A. C. T. U. members and did not join active A. C. T. U. members in the fight to check Communist operations.

NORMAN MCKENNA,

Publicity Director, Association of
Catholic Trade Unionists

New York, February 14

Dear Sirs: Although I wrote that certain aspects of the A. C. T. U. worried many labor leaders, I did not say their

fears were necessarily justified. That they are worried is a simple fact. It is also a fact that an organization for Protestant unionists is being seriously considered.

As for the Newspaper Guild, there have been several members of the A. C. T. U. who supported, and were supported by, the Guild administration. I understand that a movement is under way to expel them from the A. C. T. U.; but at the time my article appeared their names were still to be found in the A. C. T. U. publications.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

New York, February 18

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ALVAREZ DEL VAYO, before he became Spain's war-time Foreign Minister, was one of Europe's outstanding newspapermen.

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